

# B.C.S.

JANUARY 1950

THE MAGAZINE OF BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



**B. C. S.**



**THE MAGAZINE OF  
BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL  
LENNOXVILLE, QUE.**



# BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

LENNOXVILLE, QUE.



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## EDITORIAL

It seems appropriate to preface the second issue of the reorganized School Magazine with a full statement of its policy. Last June, when we published our first number, the new editors had virtually no experience on which to base a policy. This term, however, we have been able to decide on certain principles on which the magazine will be run.

"B.C.S." will serve as a permanent record of School activities. It will enable Old Boys and friends of the School to keep up with School events and with any new facets of School life. It will provide an outlet for any literary, artistic or photographic talent in the School, and it will give boys valuable experience in positions connected with the publishing of a magazine.

We will always be indebted to Mr. Young for the energy with which he refounded the Magazine, and for the care which he lavished on it for so many years, and for the heritage of ideas which he has left us.

Members of the magazine staff who are in the VIth or VIIth Forms will retire upon publication of the January issue each year. A new staff of Vth and lower formers will bring out the June issue and the following January edition. Those of them by then in Matric forms will relinquish their positions to the succeeding Vth Formers, and will form an advisory board. Thus VIth Formers will not be subjected to the double worry of Matric and the magazine, and new editors will be able to rely on the support and advice of their more experienced predecessors.

It has been decided to divide the Magazine into several well-defined sections. In this we hope to make it easier to read and to eliminate the nuisance of having to flip through the pages several times in order to find that clever little verse which was inserted at the end of the football notes. Our literary section is called "The Open Book," a title suggested by the centre of the School crest. The Preparatory School writes and edits its own magazine, and this is incorporated under the title of "The Prep." A list of the graduating class will be printed each January in the Old Boys' Section.

We are proud of our advertising policy. We believe it to be rare, if not unique, among school magazines.

The advertising pages of a school magazine are always something of a paradox. Their advertising value is small, their rates are often high, and the magazine is, to a large extent, financially dependent upon them. Genuine advertising is often hard to collect, and some magazines resort to the device of soliciting advertisements from school parents, friends and Old Boys who operate businesses which have no connection with the School whatever. Very often such people, when confronted with a plea for advertising, find it hard to refuse, but know that it is simply "money down the drain."

"B.C.S." condemns this piracy as a nuisance and a promoter of ill-will. We have solicited our advertisements only from those firms which do business with the School, and make, we hope, a good profit from it. We have already announced this policy to our advertisers, and we hope that the large increase in the number of advertisements in this issue is an indication that we have both their approval and support. It is our hope that we may be the first of many school magazines to adopt this policy.

Finally, we wish to assure our readers that the editors of "B.C.S." will strive continually to improve its quality in form and contents, and to keep it a boy-written, boy-edited magazine.





*C. G. M. Grier, E.D., M.A.*  
*Headmaster, 1931-1950*

# THE HEAD

BY AN OLD BOY

"I admit that your vocation is laborious but I utterly deny that it is tragic or deplorable. To be a Schoolmaster is next to being a king. Do you count it a mean employment to imbue the minds of your fellow citizens in their earnest years with the best literature and with the love of Christ, and to return them to their country honest and virtuous men? In the opinion of fools it is a humble task, but in fact it is the noblest of occupations. Even among the Heathen it was always a noble thing to deserve well of the State, and no one serves it better than the moulders of raw boys."

In the light of this quotation from Erasmus, it is not easy in a few paragraphs to evaluate Mr. Grier's long and valuable service to B.C.S. If his task has been noble, it has also, and perhaps concomitantly, been stern; and he has held the Headmastership for more than 18 years, seven full years longer than any other Head in the School's history. One of the first problems that besets a brief biographer then is the danger of compiling a catalogue of achievements. Achievements are important; in Mr. Grier's case they have been many; and a chronicle of them is therefore inevitable. But they tell little of the man, and so afford a wry beginning.

The man—who will not remember him? There is strength there, first of all, in the angle of the jaw and the jut of the pipe, an obvious conviction of his rightness that the record will not belie. And there is kindness, too, none the less real for its apparent gruffness, behind the pipe. Some may recall golden spring days, with the hint of holidays in the air, and the real lesson of good cricket well taught. Or it may be fall and its lecture on the place of the drop-kick, with nice examples from the 45 yard line. Or again others may think of winter and the Head hurtling down the "Flying Kilometer" slightly out of control; or as goaler of the Masters' Team, that group of Goliaths, hollering for more support "up front", as well he might. Still others may even remember history classes, warm with knowledge and understanding; a certain, severe "chat" in the office; a Chapel address,

that great informal teaching. Whatever it is, certainly we will remember the man.

And what would the man like to have remembered? What does he remember? Not, I think, entirely the achievements as we are apt to think of them. Perhaps, rather, he would choose the slighter things, those more akin to the spirit: the warmth of Old Boys returning; a certain tone in the School, elusive but essential; the accomplishments of those he has guided; the continuing tradition of the Cadet Corps, uniformed again in their blues and the pill boxes of '67; the forgiveness of those he has had to rebuke; a certain victory in games; the whole, deep beauty of the Lennoxville scene; the spirit behind the flaming scarlet cassocks of the Choir; faith in the parade of youth, despite the "incessantly recurring story of high hopes and a gray ending".

Mr. Grier came to us as Headmaster in the autumn of 1931 from Ridley College. Before that he had taught at Upper Canada College as well. He had been educated at U.C.C. and Balliol College, Oxford. His distinguished record as a soldier in the first World War needs little comment here, even though he was to add to it in the second. It was not long before he made his personality and experience felt at B.C.S.; few who heard it will forget his talk in Chapel the first Sunday night of that term. There was criticism, I remember, but it made us think—not an unhealthy occupation for growing boys.

The personality grew and the achievements followed in an amazing, but far from effortless, succession. Inexorably, the Head pressed his campaign for room to live and learn. It bore its first fruits in the initiation of the House System and the organization of Chapman and Williams Houses in 1936. Next came an enormous improvement in the building of the new Frank Ross Infirmary. In 1937 the Grant Hall Building was erected to house the Preparatory School, giving B.C.S. one of the best Prep plants in the country. Then came the Chalet,



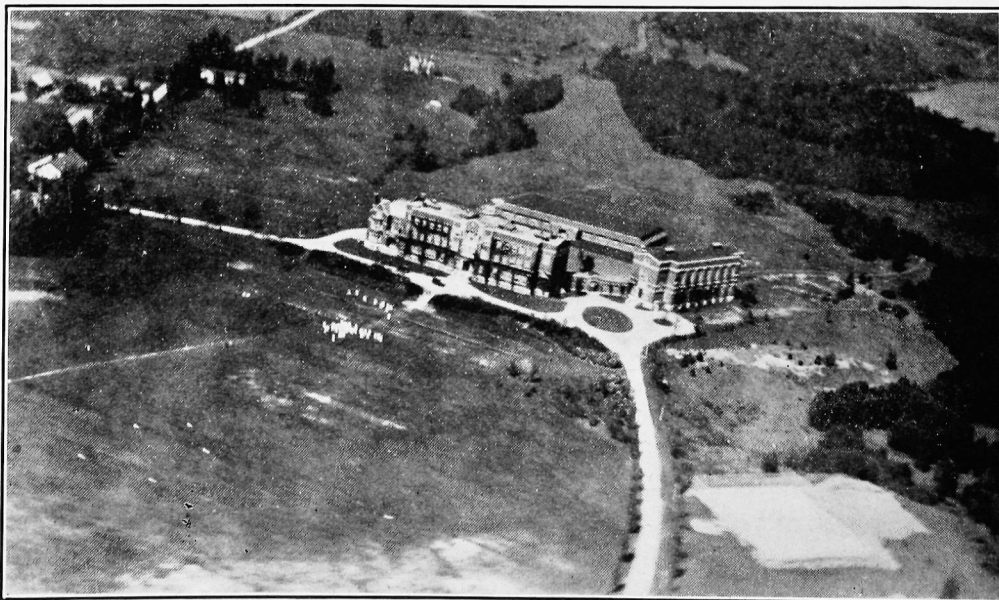
the log cabin overlooking the playing fields that provided long needed recreational facilities for Upper School boys. The stage built into the Gym in 1938 made a Little Theatre second to few in Canada. Finally, there has been the recent building programme which has resulted in further decentralization of boys into residential houses apart from the main building. Mr. Grier from the beginning had worked towards the ultimate goal of making it possible to devote the main building entirely to teaching and administration. That goal is now in sight and almost within reach.

When the Head came in 1931, the four buildings shown in the smaller air view illustrating this article, and the old infirmary, formed the entire operational plant of the School. As he leaves in 1950, there are 10 buildings, not including two recently built houses for Masters. Such is the material record of his achievement during his tenure of the Headmastership. These additions, added to the work of former Headmasters, and made possible by enthusiastic support, have resulted in B.C.S. becoming one of the best equipped schools in Canada.

But the Head was not one to be entirely satisfied with mere material progress. Music, so unmaterial, yet so valuable to boy and man, flourished at the School in his

time. The choir, directed by Mr. Page, attained a high reputation, while the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, directed by Mr. Page and himself, became an institution adding to our stature. In a similar way, the Cadet Corps revived the uniforms of the 1860's, became affiliated with the Black Watch, R.H.R., of Canada, and won a distinctive position among the corps of the country.

Games flourished under Mr. Grier's enthusiasm, and often directly under his coaching skill. B.C.S. football and hockey were maintained at an exceptionally high standard for a school of comparatively low numbers. Skiing became an inter-school competitive sport, and a source of enjoyment to the many boys who are not primarily athletes in the more professional sense. The Head was also deeply interested in boxing, helping Lieutenant Fisher and others to promote the interest of one of the best schoolboy games. It was in cricket, however, that Mr. Grier made what was perhaps his greatest contribution to B.C.S. games. Before he came, cricket was a pastime indulged in by the First XI for a trip to town and endured by the remainder for no reason other than that it was easier than work. Mr. Grier made the School a stronghold of the game in Eastern Canada, and cricket became a rich teacher of sportsmanship, manners and patience.



THE SCHOOL IN 1931

These activities are mentioned primarily as examples of the many sides of B.C.S. life, which have been fostered and enlivened, or instituted and directed, by the Head.

However, if a school is to prosper it must above all reach high academically, and Mr. Grier always sought better standards of scholarship. Consequently, the School has attained a sound record of successes in the university entrance examinations and at higher levels. But the Head has not considered matriculation success the sole criterion of healthy secondary education. He maintained a humanist reverence for the dignity of the individual. With this in mind, he salted the syllabus liberally with political philosophy, taught for the first

time in a Canadian school, dramatics, debating, discussion groups, and hobby clubs, activities which lead to no specific examinations but cannot help but broaden the boy.

In all these accomplishments, and Mr. Grier would be the first to admit it, he could hardly have succeeded without the support of an able group of Assistant Masters and a keen Board of Governors. Nevertheless, the initiative and the bold design had to come from the Headmaster.

Elsewhere in this magazine are published some excerpts from addresses made by Mr. Grier both before the School

THE SCHOOL IN 1949, SHOWING THE FOUR NEW MEMORIAL BUILDINGS IN THE FOREGROUND







WILLIAMS HOUSE

and the public. These speeches mark the growth of the Headmaster as educationist and speaker, and more importantly point the practice of the theme he often laid before the boys: of every man making it his duty to contribute of his time, talents and work to the service of his community and country.

I have tried to outline a few of Mr. Grier's achievements at the School, and record some of the attributes of his personality. Certainly it is not my task to assess their worth, or compare them with those of other Headmasters. His record, I am confident, will speak for itself. Two other attributes, and they are important ones, remain for consideration: first, the Headmaster's uncanny

knowledge of individual boys. Without direct searching, he seemed able to tell in very many cases exactly what was hindering a boy's progress, and even to point the solution. Synthesis is infinitely more difficult than analysis, and infinitely more valuable. The combination of the two in a Headmaster is a great thing. Secondly, Mr. Grier possessed in a high degree the strength of will to pursue a course of action on which he had determined in the face of severe opposition.

It would be childish to suppose that Mr. Grier had not made both mistakes and enemies in over 18 years of running the School. "The evil that men do lives after them. Yes, and a good deal of the evil they never did





SMITH HOUSE

as well," said Samuel Butler with more truth than most of us would care to admit. Let us hope the saying will not apply in the case of Mr. Grier's Headmastership of B.C.S. for surely his long record of service and accomplishment does not warrant its application.

Not even the briefest of notes on the Head's time at the School would be complete without mention of Mrs. Grier, and a sincere tribute to the quiet dignity she showed in the background of all School life and occasions. Her hospitality was spontaneous, warm, unlimited, and almost ubiquitous. Of the great help she must have given the Head in times of trouble we can only guess,

but we may be certain it was true and sustaining. Un-numbered B.C.S. boys will remember her kindness, as youngsters, in convalescence, and after they left the School, with gratitude and thanks. The School will miss her keenly.

At the moment of writing, I do not know what plans Mr. and Mrs. Grier have for the future. I can only wish them, and I am sure all B.C.S. old and young will join me, the same measure of success and happiness that their presence has brought the School down the years since 1931.

# THE HEADMASTER SPEAKS...

*Excerpts from some of Mr. Grier's talks on School and Public occasions*

It takes a lot of machinery to make a school. The secret of successful teaching is to get the pupil to think and do for himself. When schools are built along more thoughtful lines the class-rooms will be less formal and less conducive to the method by which the teacher is a hammerer and the boys are rows of nails. They will have moveable furniture, and work tables, and posting boards, and form libraries. The schools will have workshops and laboratories and studios, and theatres, and libraries for both books and music.

*Prize-day, 1931*

★ ★ ★

Team games had their origin in a single idea—the desire of a group of males to enjoy themselves through the medium of what might be called “horse-play.” With what contaminations and subtleties has evolution endowed this simple fun! The necessity of winning, the false values established by publicity, commercialism, the master-minded coach, and the protests and recriminations of rink and field. It all moves in a vicious circle. The boys lose the game, the team loses its “support,” the coach loses his job, the promoter loses his money, they all lose their tempers—and what a Donnybrook the next game is! . . .

. . . Players should remember that sportsmanship is the thing, that the referee is often honest and frequently correct in his decisions, that the other fellow is probably as clean a player as himself, that a touchdown from the ten-yard line is worth ten from the sidelines, and that a clean, hard tackle is worth six arguments with the referee.

*Sherbrooke Rotary Club, 1934*

★ ★ ★

Schools as old as B.C.S. were not in origin based upon any logical theory, nor were they the creation of inspired educational reformers. They were founded on the needs of the time, and they have grown, prospered, and progressed in proportion to the ideas and work and sacrifices of a vast number of men and boys. Their very age is a proof of their value to the people, and of their place in our national life. But in their age there also lurks a danger, because once established, we tend to stop thinking about them and working for them, and they exist for us in terms of the events of the past instead of the needs of the present and the responsibilities of the future.

*Prize-day, 1935*

“The grace of fable stirs the mind, and the memorable deeds of history elevate it.” As I consider this statement in its somewhat obscure relationship to this Annual Report, I think of my early days when, secured by the black and uncomfortable limits of an Eton suit, I sat between my parents and listened with ill-concealed impatience to the perennial enthusiasms of my Headmaster. It seemed to me then that the minds of my parents were being overly elevated by the memorable deeds of history, and that they were failing to distinguish between delights aroused by the recital of historical fact and those engendered by the grace of pure fable.

*Prize-day, 1937*

★ ★ ★

Gossip, half-truths, and tacit untruths are dangerous anti-social weapons. They are lying around everywhere. Don't stoop to pick them up. You will find it easier not to if you try to resist the temptation to be “first with the news.”

*Ashbury College Chapel, 1937*

★ ★ ★

There are three roads through life, the High road, the Low road, and the Middle road. The Low road is crooked and it leads nowhere. The High road is straight and graceful, but it is hard to find. The Middle road is wide and well paved. It was once a pretty road but its beauty has been spoiled by the signs, the booths, and the cheap amusements which men have built along it. Avoid the Low road if you will, take the High road if you can, but, if you take the Middle road, avoid its specious and accessible temptations. . . . The fact is that as ordinary, average human beings, most of you will take the Middle Road. We all do. Read the warnings as you enter it.

*St. Mark's Chapel, 1938*

★ ★ ★

If the full force of a sound and masculine type of education is not soon combined with fearless action by right-thinking men we shall before long see a tragedy played upon the world's stage. Only a swift review of essential values and their courageous application to a deteriorating situation will prevent this tragedy—in which militarism and torture, rioting and famine, ignorance and hysterical demagoguery will be cast in the leading rôles.

What has this to do with us? The future course of this world will be decided by the actions of the two great English-speaking democracies, the United States of America and the British Commonwealth of Nations. If they will stand together we, our homes, our wives, our families will survive. If not—we are living in a fool's paradise.

*New York, 1938*

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We cannot afford to think loosely about it (the war) any longer. The facts are there. Ahead of us is nothing less than a national effort involving every man, woman and child in the country. There is now no time or space for indifference, for over-confidence, or inadvertence. For casuistry, for gossip, for selfishness. Our security in the future depends upon the extent to which we can forget self, and identify ourselves with the effort of the democracies.

*Prize-day, 1939*

★ ★ ★

My argument is simply this: that the issue of this whole war lies in the word "conscience," and that if there be found among the democratic millions, here and elsewhere, enough men who have some conscience in what they do, we may pull ourselves together in time to win. When my conscience troubles me, I find that I resent the difficulty of giving any substance or any positive reality to the teaching of the importance of brains and character and devotion to the public service when, by and large, self-interest still stands as a barrier between hope and realization. Further, and more positively, I resent the existence of a situation in which my boys—or anybody's boys—should leave everything to engage in what is to them a manhunt, but which, in the light of the direction which we give it, is no better than a wild goose chase.

*Prize-day, 1941*

★ ★ ★

Their names are on the Honour Roll because of man's inability to think things out. They are there because of the moral incapacity in men to judge positively between right and wrong, or, if they have so judged, because of their unwillingness to put up with the inconvenience of

what they know to be right. And because, lacking capacity and moral force, men have lacked as well the power to act upon conviction.

*Remembrance Day, 1941*

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The welfare of the school varies in accordance with the extent to which she measures up to the standard which she has adopted. That standard is built upon these things:—Belief in God, belief in Christ and His teachings, and an honest attempt to interpret those teachings in terms of a boy's experience. Good morals. Manners, or, to be more explicit, good manners. Honesty, in every phase of the day's work and the day's play, observed, or unobserved. Chivalry. Fair play, to friend and stranger, on the field and off it, to those who are your equals and to those who are less fortunate than you.

*St. Mark's Chapel, 1946*

★ ★ ★

Some of you will be going to a university next September, and you will eventually be under the capital necessity of passing out of First Year. If you fail to do so, it will be said by sympathetic friends and parents, "Of course, poor fellow. What else could you expect? How could he survive the shock of the change from the restrictions of boarding school to the freedom of a university, from small classes to large groups, from the interest and help of masters to the apathy and neglect of professors?" Nonsense. If you have the mental equipment to pass into First Year, character and hard work are all you need to pass out of it.

. . . It is true that much of your time at B.C.S. is organized. The modern school is a battleground for two conflicting opinions. One insists, "Fill the day: a fellow likes to know what he is to do next: keep him busy and he'll keep out of mischief." I'm not so sure. The other opinion is based on the idea that the "young of the human species are, at birth, angels, and need no more to assure them of heaven (or matric) than to be left alone to unfold the beautiful flowers of their nature." That may be what the university thinks. Here, for your information, we try to mix a little of both in the prescription.

*St. Mark's Chapel, 1948*



## LETTER FROM COLONEL OGILVIE

Your Editor has kindly asked me, as Chairman of the Board of Directors of Bishop's College School, if I would write a few words for inclusion in the current issue of "B.C.S." on the occasion of the retirement of Mr. Grier as Headmaster of the School.

I consider it an honour to be permitted to pay a brief tribute to the man who, in my opinion, has accomplished more for B.C.S. than any other man has done in its hundred and twelve years of existence. During the eighteen years since Mr. Grier took over the reins at the School, B.C.S. has achieved more than in the previous ninety-four years of its life. The School's reputation has never been higher, its spirit never keener, its physical properties never so adequate, its Staff never so efficient or so loyal. All this is in a great measure due to Mr. Grier.

It is with a real and deep-rooted feeling of sadness that we now say good-bye to Ruth, Crawford, Sheila and Terry. B.C.S. has been a better place for their presence and the debt that we owe them cannot adequately be expressed in words. It is up to all of us to see that they and their works are not readily forgotten.

W. W. OGILVIE,

Chairman, B.C.S. Association



# SCHOOL NEWS



# CHAPEL NOTES

## DEAN EVANS

On Sunday, the 23rd, of October, the Very Reverend Kenneth Evans, Dean of Montreal, visited the chapel and delivered a sermon on "Boyhood Dreams and Manhood Fulfillments." He took for his text, the Biblical story of Joseph which, he pointed out, is the most remarkable success story in all literature. The Dean told us of Joseph's dreams as a boy, and explained their significance and how they guided Joseph throughout his life. He advised us that a dream of the future like Joseph's

can be a goal as well as a guide. Dean Evans concluded his sermon by telling us how important to our future moral happiness a boyhood dream can be.

The Dean congratulated the choir on their singing in Christ Church Cathedral in the past 2 years and invited them back again during the present school year. The choir thanks him for the invitation and we all hope that he will return to St. Mark's Chapel again to join us in our worship.

## ALTAR SERVERS

This year the school is very fortunate in having a full group of excellent Altar Servers. These boys have all been fully instructed by the Chaplain in the duties which they have the privilege of rendering.

Last year the task of Head Server was carried by one boy. This year, however, five boys have become Head Servers and they are performing the task very capably. Twelve boys have become Junior Servers.

The duties of the Head Server are to read the Epistle, tend the candles and to receive the offertory from the prefects and present it to the priest. The duties of the

Junior Servers are to change the Prayer Book from the Epistle side to the Gospel side of the Altar and to serve the Holy Sacraments to the priest from the Credence Table. Servers' duties include both St. Mark's and St. Martin's Chapels.

The following are Head Servers:—Evans, Hugessen, Patterson, Bishop, Peirce I.

The following are Junior Servers:—Stewart-Patterson, Whitehead, Donner, Berlyn, Findlay, Turnbull II, Mitchell, Kossatkine, Kingsmill, MacDougall, Price, Scott.

# THE CHOIR

Once again this year we have a full choir of 50 boys under the very capable direction of Mr. G. Black. There are 21 new members in the choir this year. There are 6 new basses, 4 new tenors, and 11 new sopranos.

With so many new members and this being Mr. Black's first complete year the music was taken from the beginning of the term as being unknown. This has meant that a great deal of hard work has been done but certainly not without success. A number of new anthems are now being hummed throughout the school by choir boys. At present 3 new anthems are being learnt and polished for the future.

The choir did not sing an anthem at Thanksgiving this year but the singing was said to have been very commendable. The annual Carol Service is to be held in 3 weeks' time and work has begun for it with the usual voice testing for solos.

The choir would like to extend their most grateful thanks to Dr. Peirce for giving to the school new copies of the Communion Service by Stainer and Maunder's Te Deum. These were both out of print but by photo-

graphing the best of the old copies Dr. Peirce did an excellent job and we now have 30 copies of each. Also we would like to thank Miss Reyner for her help with the choir robes.

The old custom of having Prep choir helpers has been changed. This year upper school new choir boys are doing the job.

The following are in this year's choir:

*Sopranos*—Ashworth, Basset, Badger II, Cantlie II, Chapman, Creswell, Derby II, Dixon, Johnson III, Kingsmill, MacDougall I, MacNamara, Meredith, Molson I, MacKay II, Ogilvie II, Patriquin, Pratt, Price III, Scott I, Scott II, Sharp, Smith II, Smith III, Tremble, Trott, Twidale, White II, Mitchell III.

*Tenors*—Evans, Findlay, McCulloch, Patterson, Ross, Setlakwe, Soutar, Stevenson, Turnbull I, Whitehead.

*Basses*—Bishop, Hickey, Hugessen, Hyndman, MacLennan, McGee, Peirce I, Price I, Rankin, Sperdakos, Winder.

M. C. EVANS,  
(Form VI.)

# THE DEBATING SOCIETY

This year we enter on our twenty-eighth year of unbroken debating at B.C.S.

There is evidence of there having been a debating society in the School before the turn of the century but the minutes have been lost and we have no record of the proceedings. Somehow, we know not how, this society died out and there was no more debating at B.C.S. until 1921. In that year, under the spirited guidance of Mr. Young, the club was re-founded.

As we learn from the old minutes the debating was carried on under the platform system, Mr. Young himself occupying the chair as President. The debates were very lively and we see blushing new members, destined to be M.P.'s, making their maiden speeches under the watchful eye of the President. Current international topics were the most common subjects and as the years rolled by the teaching of Mr. Young began to show and the standard of debate grew higher and higher.

A fitting climax to Mr. Young's regime came in 1948 when Abbott, then the Vice-President, won the Rotary Club's medal for public speaking in the Province of Quebec.

Last year, upon the resignation of Mr. Young, the Society was re-formed under the guidance of Mr. Grier. It was decided to adopt Parliamentary procedure and a new constitution was drawn up according to Bourinot. Under the new system the Society is under the direction of the Speaker, who is a member of the staff of the School, assisted by other officers elected by the Society.

The debates take place in the Assembly Hall with the chairs arranged along the same lines as the House of Commons in Ottawa. The majority of the meetings are made public to the school who are invited to come and listen. After the speakers on the paper have spoken the debate is thrown open to the house and any person present may rise in his seat and speak. When all who wish have had their chance to speak the leaders for the Affirmative and Negative sum up. The House then divides on the motion.

This year the membership has been larger than ever before and the debates have been very spirited and lively with plenty of good impromptu speeches.

At the first meeting the following officers were elected:

Deputy Speaker: J. C. K. Hugessen  
 Secretary: T. H. Bishop  
 Sergeant at Arms: J. T. I. Porteous  
 First Teller: H. Ryshpan  
 Second Teller: E. C. M. Hickey  
 Third Teller: L. C. R. Stewart-Patterson

The Society then considered the resolution: "That in the opinion of this house Latin should be a compulsory subject for entrance into the Arts faculty of Canadian Universities." The resolution was supported by Bishop and Whitehead who both spoke well but were unable to overcome the strong team of Porteous and Ryshpan who opposed it. The resolution was lost by a vote of 11-6.

At the second meeting the Society turned to the sphere of international politics and considered the following resolution: "That in the opinion of this house the achievement of complete constitutional freedom by the self-governing dominions would be in the best interest of the British Commonwealth of Nations." The Affirmative speakers, Hugessen and McCord, spoke well but did not regard the topic from a broad enough point of view and were defeated by Angus and Hickey by a vote of 9-5.

The third meeting of the Society had the largest attendance this year, due, probably, to the popularity of the topic which was: "That in the opinion of this house American football should replace Canadian football." The Affirmative was supported by Spurdakos and Lucas, the Negative by McCulloch and Hickey. These speakers all did a good job but the most lively part of the meeting came when the debate was thrown open to the House. McGee and Price both made forceful speeches for the Affirmative while the lack of supporters for the Negative was very noticeable. The resolution was lost 27-7. At this meeting Mr. Grier was absent and the chair was ably taken by Mr. Whitelaw to whom the Society wishes to express its sincerest thanks.

The last meeting of the Society for the Michaelmas term was by far the liveliest so far, with a large and appreciative audience. The resolution was: "That in the opinion of this house communism will eventually overrun Continental Europe." The speakers for the Affirmative were Spurdakos and Lucas, and for the Negative Porteous and McGee. After these had all made forceful and humorous speeches a spirited debate took place on the floor of the House between Whitehead, Ryshpan, Rogers and Hugessen. After two well thought out summations by the leaders, the house divided on the motion which was lost by a vote of 18-12.

This marked the close of a term of successful and good debating, indicating we hope, a lively interest in public speaking for many years to come—following in the tradition of Mr. Young's society.

J. C. K. HUGESSEN,  
 Deputy Speaker



## STAFF

We welcome to the Upper School the following new masters:

G. M. BLACK, B.A., Mus.B., A.R.C.O., who comes to us from Toronto University, University College, Oxford, and the Royal College of Music, London, England. He is organist and choirmaster.

J. A. CURTIS-HAYWARD, B.A., who attended Canford School and Merton College, Oxford, and served in the Royal Air Force. He is teaching Mathematics and Science.

PROFESSOR J. W. McCUBBIN, M.A., Ph.D., Queen's University and McGill, who is on the faculty of Bishop's University and comes to us part-time to teach Chemistry.

R. R. OWEN, B.A., Bishop's University, who is form master of IIIB and assistant to the Housemaster at Williams House.

E. B. PILGRIM, B.A., Ashbury College and Bishop's University, who is assistant to the Housemaster in School House and teaches Mathematics and Latin.

J. H. WHITELAW, M.A., Edinburgh Academy and Corpus Christi College, Oxford, who served in the Royal Field Artillery. He is assistant to the Housemaster in Smith House and is teaching French and Spanish.

★ ★ ★

G. W. BUCHANAN, a master here for six years, is now Principal of Scotstown High School.

C. P. M. ROBERTSON-FORTAY, M.A., F.R.G.S., is with the McGill Department of Geography and is engaged in Arctic research. The Magazine is grateful to him for several of the sports day photographs in this issue.

## THANKSGIVING

Thanksgiving week-end festivities began with a first team match against Ashbury on Saturday which was lost 6-1. The services on Sunday were held in St. Mark's Chapel for boys accompanied by their parents, and in St. George's Lennoxville, for the remainder of the School. The sermon in St. Mark's was preached by the Very Reverend Dean Seaborn of Quebec, whose theme was that any country or individual that leaves God out of life is bound to come to disaster. He gave examples from past and present history.

On Monday, after the annual Old Boys' Game, which included a sleeper play complete with pyjamas and blanket, lunch was served followed by Prize-giving.

The Headmaster made the introductory speech and the Hon. Jacob Nicol was guest of honour. He got considerable exercise handing books to Dave Ashworth, who seemed to have won the best part of a library.

The tea-dance with Compton, as usual "better than ever" this year, concluded the series of events which marks Thanksgiving at B.C.S.

C. STEWART-PATTERSON (Form V-Arts)

## RECITAL

On the evening of November the 24th we were honoured to have two excellent artists in our School Auditorium, Messrs. Leon Fleisher and Albert Brusilow, both young musicians who have already won world renown.

The program originally consisted of works by Mozart, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Brahms, Prokofieff, Chopin, Herbert, Kroll and Bazzini, all appropriately chosen for the artists' instruments and styles of playing. During the course of the concert Mr. Brusilow announced instead of two of the pieces "Danza Andaluza" by Ernest LaCuna, and "Waltz Sentimentale" by Tchaikowski would be played.

The recital opened with Mozart's "Sonata in B Flat Major." The program was divided into four parts, three of them duets and the other a selection of piano solos by Mr. Fleisher.

So effective were the performances of the two artists that they were enthusiastically applauded by the whole audience, especially after Mr. Fleisher's playing of "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6" and after Mr. Brusilow's interpretation of "Danza Andaluza." They treated us to a few encores, among which were "The Habanera" by Bizet, and "Fuer Elis" by Beethoven.

The program ended with "Sonata, Opus 94" by the modern Russian composer Serg Prokofieff. This piece added a touch of surrealism to the concert.

This was the first concert to have been held at the School for some time, and it was so well received that we are hoping for an "encore" in the near future.

H. BLEJER (Form V)

## MODEL AEROPLANE CLUB

This year a Model Aeroplane Club was formed under the supervision of McGee. At the beginning of the term Peirce II and Cameron were appointed President and Vice-President. The Club took over an empty second floor room and soon had an enrolment of fifteen members.

Work was started on a large variety of models and several types of contests were announced. The biggest and best plane which has been built this term is McNaughton's "Floater" glider, which has a wing-span of six feet. There are seven gas motors in the Club, and Trott has an ingenious little engine which is powered by carbon dioxide, but it has not yet been tested. Kingsmill has completed a "Stunt Ace" control wire model, which has developed engine trouble. Hart is at work on a large free-flight "Powerhouse" which he hopes to fly in the near future. Cameron is building a helicopter which he has designed himself and which boasts a large rear fin for a torque resister. Many other smaller models are under construction, and the Club is in constant use by all its members. The Model Aeroplane Club is filling the gap in school life which has existed since "The Ark" was closed two years ago. P. ROMER (Form IV)



## THE CHALET

The Chalet activities have been limited this term, and we have decided that in the space allotted to the Chalet Notes we will outline in brief the history of the Chalet.

The construction of the buildings was started in the autumn of 1940 and completed in February, 1941. As help was impossible to get during the war, Tuesdays and Fridays were devoted to what has now acquired the title of "pioneering," and the senior boys themselves pitched in, dug the foundations by hand, and helped with the actual building, under the supervision of Emil Dussault, the School carpenter. The whole Chalet, with the exception of the heating facilities and the stone fireplace, was worked on by the boys. In 1941 the four-house system had not yet come into effect, and there was great demand for a senior common room. It is in this capacity that the Chalet has proved itself one of the more unusual and useful institutions at B.C.S.

The building itself is in the form of a log cabin, and the outside is finished in half-round strips to represent logs. The interior is well furnished with comfortable chairs and the walls are of knotty pine.

When the Chalet was first started the officers were appointed by the Headmaster, but now the members themselves have assumed the responsibility of electing reliable officers. This year E. C. Hickey, M. C. Evans

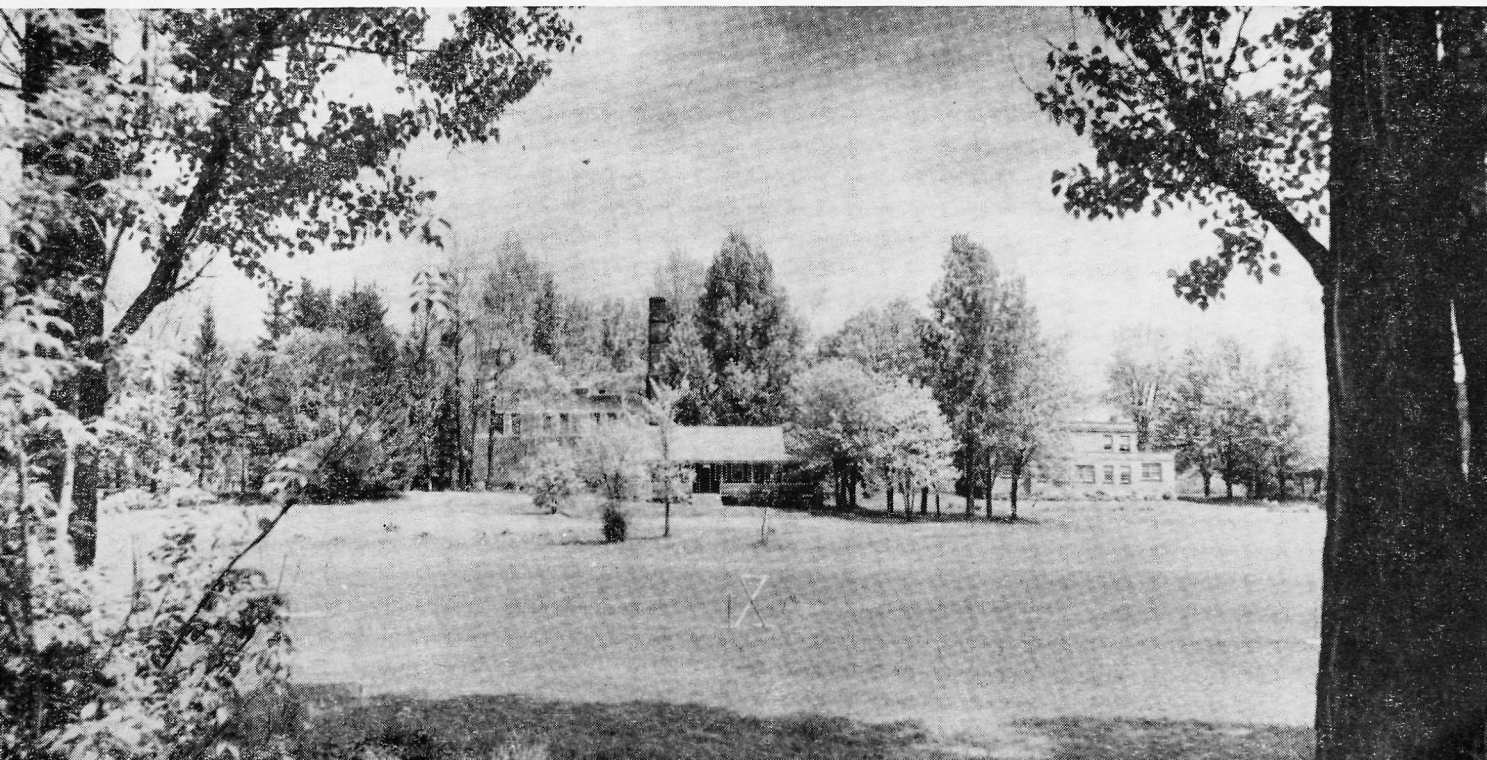
and D. B. Hyndman have been elected President, Vice-President and Secretary. The class representatives who form the remainder of the committee are: K. Soutar, D. Wilks, H. Ryshpan and M. Lucas.

The Chalet has seen a few changes since the beginning of term. The balcony has been freshly painted, and an application of creosote, which was interrupted by the coming of winter, will be completed in the spring. The membership this year totals sixty-one; there are thirty-seven senior members and twenty-four juniors. The fee per term is a dollar. This money pays for insurance, electricity, repairs, subscriptions to a large number of magazines, and other miscellaneous expenses.

The officers and members of the Chalet would like to thank Mr. Hall for performing the unsung but vital task of being the Honorary President. We would also like to extend a welcome to anyone visiting the School to come and visit our Chalet, which we believe is now an important part of School life.

It has been a tradition, since Sheppard was President, to leave the Chalet at the end of the year in better condition than it was in the beginning. It is to this objective that we have devoted ourselves this year and we hope that future members will continue this practice.

E. C. HICKEY  
(Form VI)



## WILLIAM H. FISHER



It is with deep regret that we have to record the passing, on August 21st, of Lieutenant William H. Fisher, the School's Cadet Instructor from 1925-1945.

"The Sidge," as he was affectionately known to all Old Boys, began a military career, lasting four decades, in 1904, with the Royal Scots Fusiliers. During the next twenty years, his postings took him around the world, to Ireland, the Mediterranean, India and Egypt. Everywhere, he acquired a wealth of information, an anthology of tales and a shrewd knowledge of human nature which, in later years, he shared with us at B.C.S. in his own inimitable fashion. He became a top-flight gymnast, a drillmaster de luxe, and champion, in his weight, of the Imperial forces' boxers. World War I found him in action, twice wounded, then serving as CSMI in the Army Gymnastics School at Aldershot. In 1925, he was retired from the Army, as he used to tell, "after twenty-one years of undetected crime."

He came to B.C.S. in the same year, together with his wife and only son, Herbert, presently serving with the R.A.S.C. in Singapore, and who, a generation after his father, also won the Imperial Army Boxing Championship in his weight division. Old Boys who used to play "Herb Fisher," as they called the one-man Lennoxville High School rugby team of those days, will be interested

to know that Herb was commissioned with the R.A.S.C. in 1947.

The Sergeant's work with No. 2 C.C. was invariably superb. The Earl Grey Trophy came to B.C.S. four times in his regime, and the old Strathcona Trust Cup for Military Efficiency we won so consistently that in 1943 it was awarded permanently to B.C.S. His steady self-confidence was exceeded by his modesty. "The boys won it," was his stock explanation of the successes which came so frequently to his Corps.

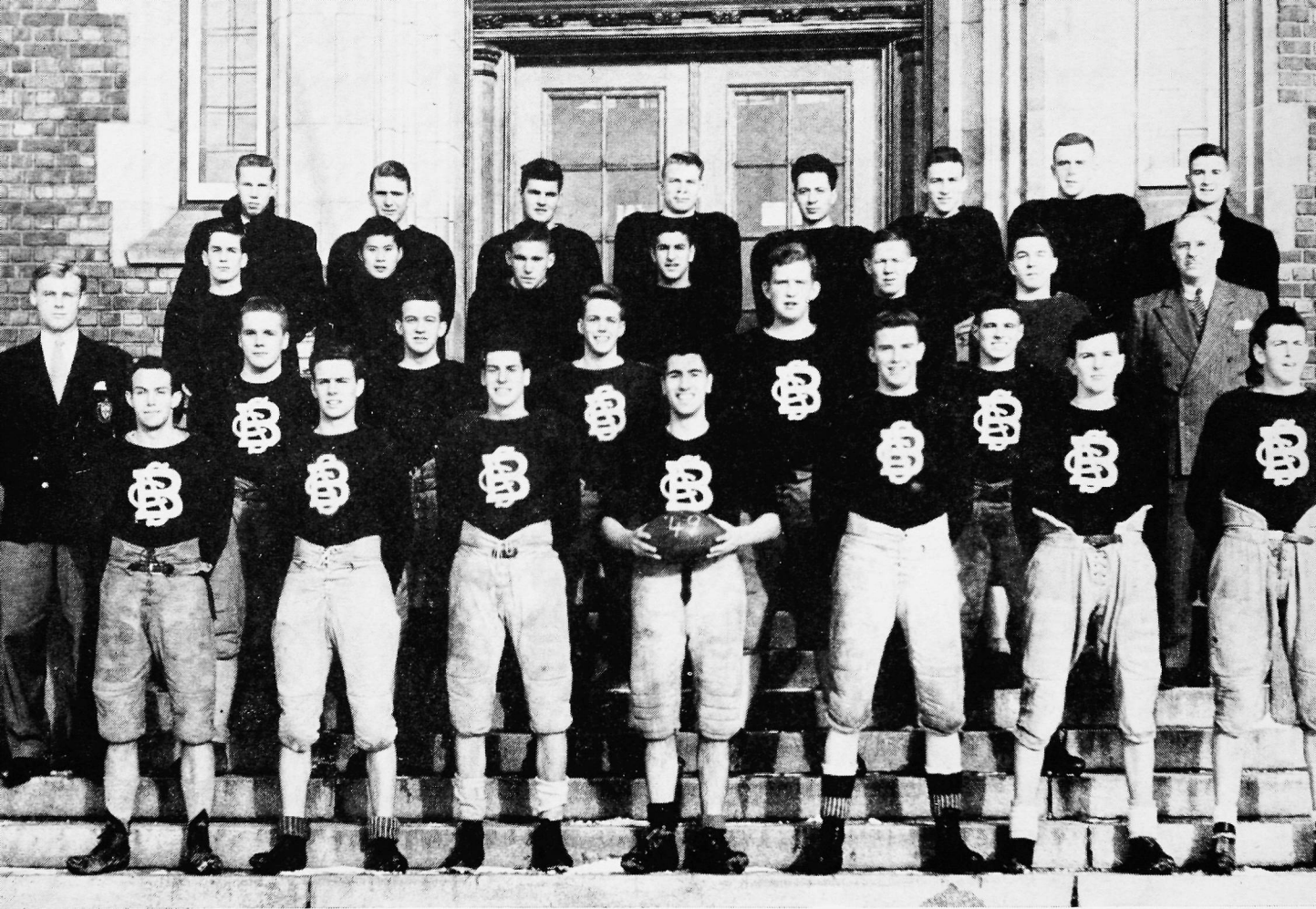
We like to recall his extra-curricular activities, too—the humorous monologues at School concerts, his incredible stories (and the credible ones), his beautifully trained dogs, and his garden. There, on one occasion, he revealed to the writer his sometimes unsuspected love for his boys. He had developed a beautiful, deep red gladiolus in his prize collection. He named it Cadet Michael.

Upon his retirement from the School, scores of Old Boys found in him one who was always happy to talk of the past that was mutually so precious to them. His great regret was that he was unable to serve actively in the Second World War, but he served, none the less, through more than four hundred Old Boys whom he trained so well in the fundamentals of soldiering.



# SPORTS





#### FIRST CREASE

*Back Row:* WILKS (Manager), WANNER, HENNING, PORTER, BOUSQUET, HYNDMAN, CLARK, REAPER

*Third Row:* McCULLOCH, ING, POPHAM, SETLAKWE, WHEELER, MORKILL, THE HEADMASTER

*Second Row:* E. PILGRIM, ESQ., (Coach), PEIRCE, MACLENNAN, BISHOP, HUTCHISON, GILES

*Front Row:* D'AURIOL, GARNEAU, PRICE, SPERDAKOS (Captain), MCGEE, ROSS, SOUTAR





# FOOTBALL

The Football season was long and not as successful as early predictions anticipated, but the season's losses cannot be blamed for lack of coaching, spirit or ability as the team had all three. Early turnouts gave promise of a good steady line backed up by a smooth working backfield which the first game clearly indicated. But the bad luck which plagued the team all season started and we lost the services of Reaper, vice-captain, and Bishop, two old colours of last year's team. From then on the coach's worries increased as he not only had to fight to win games but also to overcome injuries.

The team was equally balanced in all respects. The line played a steady and determined blocking game while a speedy backfield took advantage of its interference and ran for long gains. On the defensive the team was powerful although there was a slight tendency on the part of the secondary defence to close in on the play before it developed and consequently the forward pass defence on occasions was unsuccessful. The tackling and blocking on the team was strong. The linemen averaged close to 175 pounds and they used their weight to full advantage. The tackling of the secondaries was good but the ball handling on receiving of punts was weak and as a result they lost ground on fumbles.

The team was captained by George Spurdakos, a veteran of three years in senior company. He held

down the position of running half and at the same time executed his duties as captain very favourably on and off the field. Reaper was elected vice-captain but due to an injury suffered in a practice was put out of action, and for the rest of the season coached on third crease.

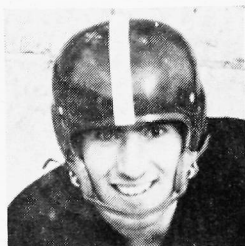
Coaches are usually blamed for the team's losses but never praised for its wins. One thing about our coach is that not only can we praise him in victory but also in defeat. Many a time he was seen this season standing by the bench giving the players a good word while he should have been giving them a strict word or two. Perhaps we can blame him for being too good-natured but he injected some sort of spirit into the team and this spirit combined with the coaching the team received gave the school a team which fought from the opening of the game till the final whistle regardless of the score for or against the School. Without the bad luck which has so far plagued Mr. Pilgrim, we should see some very strong teams developed in the future at B.C.S., as it has definitely been made public that he will remain at the school.

The following boys received their first team colours:

Spurdakos, McGee, Price, Giles, Soutar, McLennan, McCulloch, Ross, Garneau, d'Auriol, Peirce, Williamson, Hutchison and Wheeler.

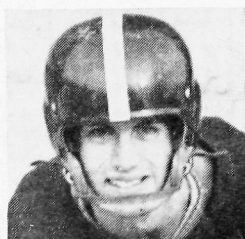
Sherbrooke High School	0	versus	B.C.S.	32
Sherbrooke High School	0	versus	B.C.S.	13
Ashbury	6	versus	B.C.S.	1
Old Boys	16	versus	B.C.S.	6
Ashbury	12	versus	B.C.S.	5
Stanstead High School	11	versus	B.C.S.	32
L. C. C.	11	versus	B.C.S.	6
St. Johnsbury Academy	32	versus	B.C.S.	13

## FIRST RUGBY TEAM PERSONALS

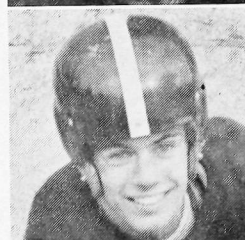


**SPERDAKOS**—Third Year. Captain. Half. A sound all-round half-back who made some excellent runs and plunges. A fine defensive player and placed himself well to receive passes. As Captain, he inspired his men with enthusiasm and sportsmanship of the best type, and was most efficient in all matters of organization.

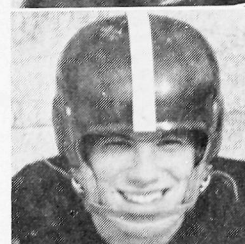
**WILLIAMSON**—Second Year. Inside. Through his exceptional play he was awarded the Cleghorn Cup emblematic of the most valuable player to the team. A very hard blocker and tackler, who was the mainstay of the line, until sidelined by his most unfortunate injury.



**D'AURIOL**—Second Year. Middle. A courageous blocker and tackler, who made some good interference for his ball carriers.



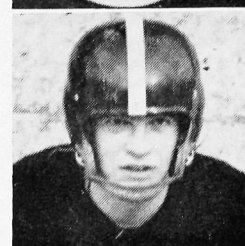
**GARNEAU**—Second Year. Outside. A very effective ankle tackler who used his speed to get down under kicks. Greatly improved his pass receiving.



**GILES**—First Year. Half. A very plucky backfielder who developed his speed and elusiveness tremendously throughout the season, to become one of the outstanding players on the team.



**HUTCHISON**—First Year. Inside. A terrific boon to the line, who tackled and blocked very effectively. His determination to break up the opposing teams' plays resulted in their losing many yards.



**MACLENNAN**—First Year. Half. Although hampered with a bad ankle throughout the season, he made some very effective end runs which resulted in large gains. A very useful defensive player.

## FIRST RUGBY TEAM PERSONALS

McCulloch—Second Year. Quarter. A good ball-handler who showed progressive improvement in selection of plays, and by the season's end, was a really good field-general. An accurate passer and kicker.

McGee—Second Year. Snap. Timed his snapping well and was consistently accurate. His exceptional kicking and tackling helped the team tremendously.

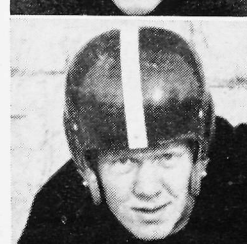
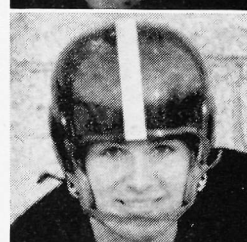
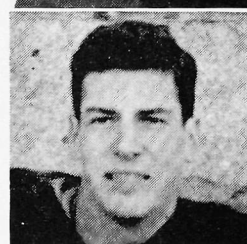
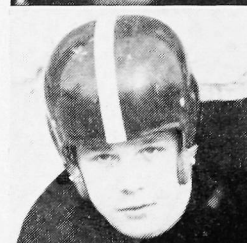
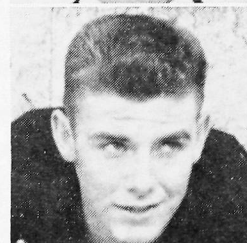
Peirce—First Year. Middle. An excellent blocker on the line, and also a sure tackler who could be depended upon to do his utmost in any circumstances.

Price—First Year. Half. A very fine ball carrier who learned to make the most of his interference, both on plunges and end runs. A good pass receiver who seldom missed a catch.

Ross—Second Year. Outside. Always drove hard and did some exceptional tackling and blocking. Became very useful as a hard bucking plunger, when he was needed.

Soutar—First Year. Half. A very valuable half-back who plunged and tackled well. A definite threat on end runs.

Wheeler—First Year. Middle. A player who was used in many positions as a utility, to fill in for injuries. A very conscientious tackler, who worked hard at all times.





# FIRST TEAM GAMES

By L. M. SMITH, (Form V)

B.C.S. 32 — STANSTEAD 11

At Stanstead

The game was played at Stanstead and with McCulloch passing and Giles and Price running the school won an easy victory. Once again the weather conditions were bad, but the team did not seem to mind it.

The Bishop's team opened first with Price getting a touchdown which was unconverted. Later on in the quarter Giles starred when he ran for two unconverted touchdowns. In the second quarter Stanstead came back for a major which was unconverted. In this quarter Stanstead got the better of the play with their bucks going through the School's line for some long runs. The first half ended with the score being 15-6 for Bishop's.

The game opened up in the third quarter with plenty of passing. With McCulloch passing the school went down the field and Sperdakos scored the touchdown, Price converted. Again McCulloch sent the ball forward, this time to Ross who went over for the touchdown. Giles converted. Stanstead scored at the beginning of the last quarter with a ground attack. The school came back with a pass attack. McCulloch passed again, this time to Soutar who was on the receiving end for another touchdown. The convert was wide and this ended the scoring, the final count being 32-11 for Bishop's.

B.C.S. 32 — SHERBROOKE 0

At B.C.S.

In the first game against Sherbrooke the B.C.S. squad had the more experienced team. The school outplayed and outran their Sherbrooke opponents throughout the game. Both the first and second teams saw action.

Bishop's scored heavily in the first quarter. The school received the kick-off and went for their first touchdown. Price crossed the line, Reaper converted. The school held the ball continually and Garneau scored an unconverted touchdown. This was followed, minutes later, by another touchdown scored by Giles and converted by Sperdakos.

In the second quarter Bishop's held the ball for the majority of the time, the only scoring being made by Price who ran over the line in fine style. The convert failed and at the end of the second quarter the score stood at 22-0.

In the third quarter the School's second team played for the majority of the time, holding the Sherbrooke team very well. Giles scored his second touchdown on a short run and again the convert failed to add to the score.

The last quarter the Sherbrooke team held. Price scored his third of the day when he made another touchdown which ended the scoring, the convert having failed again.

The final score was 32-0 for Bishop's.

B.C.S. 6 — L.C.C. 11.

At B.C.S.

Playing under a handicap of injuries the school went down to defeat by a score of 11-6 playing against L.C.C. and thus lost their bid to regain the Shirley Russel Cup. Both teams played good hard rugby and it was not until the last quarter that L.C.C. finally won out.

L.C.C. scored a touchdown early in the game when Setlakwe fumbled a kick and L.C.C. recovered for an unconverted major. They threatened once more but were held off by a stout B.C.S. line.

In the early minutes of the second quarter McCulloch threw a pass to Price, who raced the rest of the way for an unconverted touchdown. McGee kicked a rouge minutes later and put the team ahead by a score of 6 to 5 at half time.

The third quarter produced wide open rugby as both teams fought to score. An L.C.C. field goal attempt was blocked late in the quarter. L.C.C. scored their winning touchdown half way through the last quarter. Again the convert was blocked. In the dying minutes of the game L.C.C. kicked a rouge to bring the final score to 11-6 for L.C.C.

B.C.S. 6 — OLD BOYS 16.

At B.C.S.

The Old Boys received the kick-off and after a quick series of plays went over for a touchdown with Hickey carrying the ball. The convert was wide. Play saw-sawed around center field until Dave Glassford for the Old Boys caught a long forward pass in touch territory. Again the convert was blocked. Later in the latter part of the first half the School got their only touchdown of the game when Sperdakos passed to Price. Sperdakos converted to make the score 10 to 6 at half time in favour of the Old Boys. The second half was dominated by the Old Boys but they were unable to score until the closing minutes of the game when H. Burland raced around the end to score a touchdown which was converted by Stearns and which gave the Old Boys a victory by a score of 16 to 6.

## B.C.S. 1 — ASHBURY 6.

At B.C.S.

This game was played under a steady drizzle and the field was muddy. Both teams fought it out on equal terms at center field for the best part of the first half, but McGee finally broke the deadlock with a long punt which went the whole way to the deadline and gave B.C.S. a 1 to 0 lead at half time.

The second half saw Ashbury break loose with a very determined passing attack and they dominated most of the play from then on. The Ottawa team tied the game up half way through the third quarter when they kicked a rouge. This was followed by a touchdown which gave Ashbury the lead which they kept despite a determined Bishop's bid to tie the game once more. The game ended with the school on Ashbury's 30 yard line and Ashbury ahead by a score of 6 to 1.

## B.C.S. 13 — SHERBROOKE 0.

At B.C.S.

The B.C.S. team still showed the superiority they held in the first game despite the absence of Reaper, Bishop and Price, three regular backfielders.

The game was played in mud and effective ball handling was hard, but the Sherbrooke team did show more polish as they held the School team to 13.

The first half only produced a rouge by McGee but the team reorganized its offensive in the second half although it was only in the last quarter that B.C.S. scored their first touchdown. A pass from Soutar to Garneau was completed for a major while Sperdakos converted it. Only a few minutes later Giles put the team safely out in the lead by a major which was again converted by Sperdakos. This put the team ahead by 13-0 and also ended the scoring for that game.

## B.C.S. 13 — ST. JOHNSBURY 33.

At B.C.S.

For the second consecutive year the School played the American High School team, St. Johnsbury. This year the game was played under the American rules. The School needed much more practice in this game but played well for their amount of experience. The field was covered with a thin layer of snow and was muddy from the game played previously. Snow fell throughout the last half, further to hamper the players.

The team from St. Johnsbury drove for two touchdowns in the first quarter and both the convert attempts were wild. The School seemed unable to figure out the rules pertaining to interference which the American team had brought with them. A safety touch rounded out the scoring in the first quarter to 14-0 for St. Johnsbury.

The School kept their opponents off for a while in the second quarter but again St. Johnsbury went over for another touchdown which was unconverted. Bishop's rallied near the end of the quarter with Sperdakos getting the touchdown. Price converted and this brought the score to 20-7 at half time.

St. Johnsbury blocked the School kick and that seemed to pave the way for another touchdown. Again the convert was no good. The American team added their only converted touchdown near the end of the third quarter.

The last quarter was the best for the School when McCulloch opened a pass offensive. Giles scored the last touchdown of the game on a 20 yard line run. The convert was blocked and this was all the scoring in the game. Price ran his opponents' kick-off 50 yards and the game ended there.

The score was left at the total of 33-13 for the American team.

## THIRD TEAM

Captained by Hickey and Vice-Captained by Evans the Third Team played a home-and-home series with Ashbury, winning both games.

The first game played here was decisively won by B.C.S. by the score of 38-0. Hickey, Rogers, Rankin, Riley and Mather each obtained a touchdown, and Hugessen scored two. Two converts kicked by Hart and a rouge brought the score up to 38.

The second game, in Ottawa, was not won so easily.

Due to Ashbury's strong comeback in the second half the score ended 19-6. Badger, Hugessen and Rankin got the three majors. With a safety touch and two rouges for B.C.S. and a converted touchdown for Ashbury the score ended at 19-6.

The following were awarded their colours: Hickey, Evans, Hugessen, Rankin, Rogers, Dawson, Burland, Mackie, Reid I, Scheib I, Lucas, Willis, Ryshpan.

B. K. HUTCHISON  
(Form VI)

## THIRD CREASE FOOTBALL

This year the third crease played two games and although they lost both they were glorious in defeat. The first game which they played in Montreal, saw them lose by a score of 26-0. However they made a fine comeback in the second game by keeping their opponents down to 11, making 6 points themselves.

The crease was coached by Mr. T. E. Price and P. Reaper. There were forty-three boys on the crease and they all had the initiative to learn the fundamentals of the game that will help them in the years to come. P. Price and J. Turnbull were elected Captain and Vice-Captain respectively. The first game against L.C.C. was a wonderful experience because for many of the boys' it was their first encounter on the gridiron. They played good football and the score was no indication of the play, for, had they been able to stop the few L.C.C. stalwarts before they got going they would have been able to keep the score down considerably. It was only when the L.C.C. boys got around our ends that they were able to run for touchdowns.

P. Price, R. McBain, I. Soutar, T. Ashworth, T. Acer, R. Carter, and J. Ogilvie were the boys who did the fine job of keeping the team in high spirits and who made the

majority of the tackles. Pratt and Ogilvie were the ball carriers and made many good gains.

The second game was much better, from our point of view, and we were able to hold them to a 5 point margin. We were spear-headed by three imports who were unable to make the previous game and behind the blocking of Mitchell II, Carter, Acer and Hobart, Pratt and Ogilvie were breaking through the line of their opponents for long gains.

At half time the score was 6-6 after a touch by Berlyn and a kick by Pratt. L.C.C. got off to a long run near the end of the game and it finished with a score of 11-6.

Peter Price was a fine quarterback and proved himself to be a good field general. With added knowledge on passing he will be a good prospect for the '51 team. John Turnbull played good hard football all the way and deserves much credit for his defensive work. John Pratt was sensational all year. His running was a big factor in keeping the score of the second game down.

P. REAPER  
(Form VI)

## THE CROSS COUNTRY

The annual cross country race was run off on November the 8th. There was a slight snowfall during the afternoon, but not enough to dampen the spirits of 48 boys, all of whom finished the course.

Keith Soutar won the Senior Race, taking the Boswell Trophy. His time was 29.43 and he was followed closely by Mackie and Rogers. D'Auriol, Bousquet, Sperdakos, Popham, Wheeler, Wanner and Hugessen followed in that order.

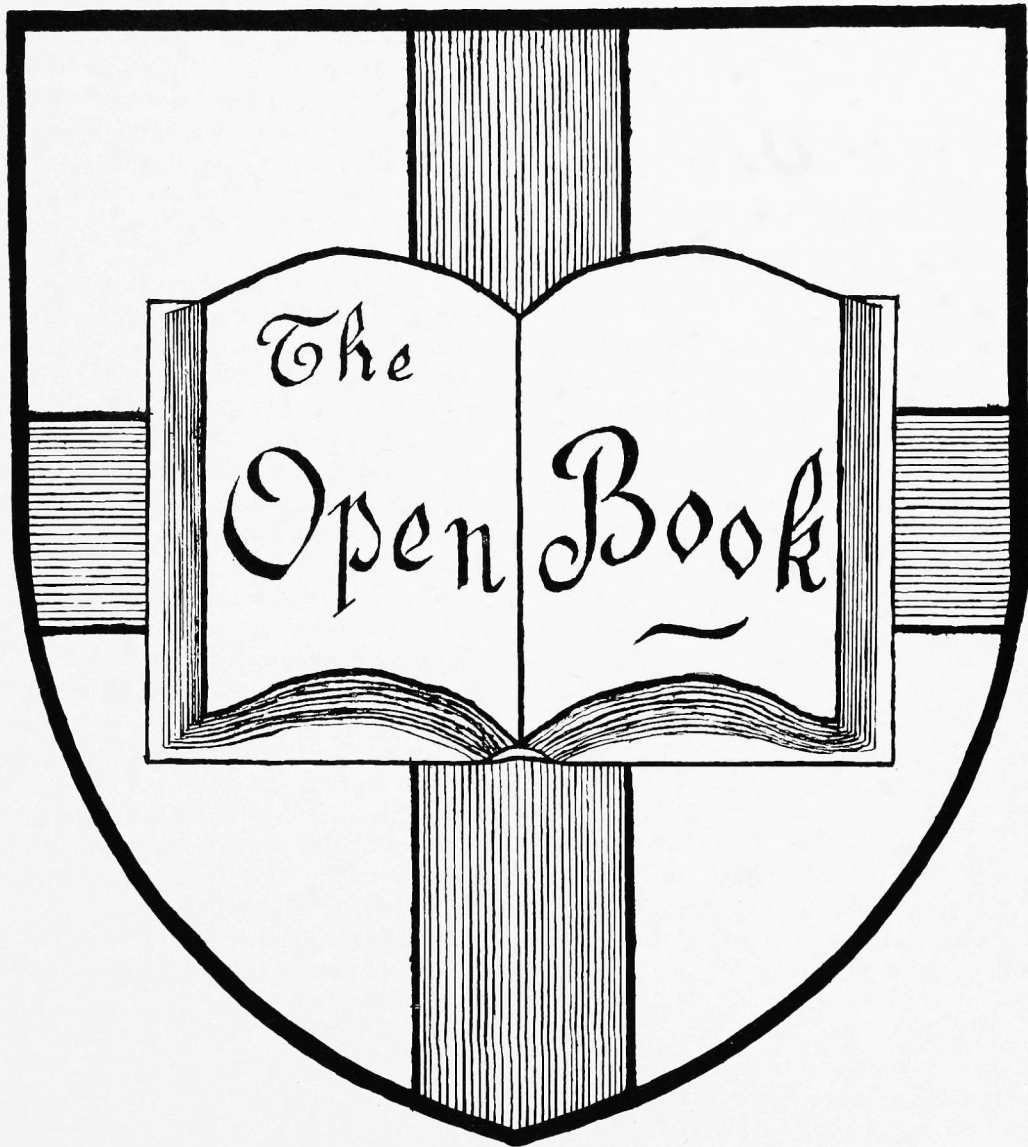
Bill Goldstone won the Junior Race, and finished well

ahead of Peter Cresswell, who took second place. He ran the shorter course in 25.09 minutes. J. Ogilvie, R. McBain, Findlay, Burpee, Mitchell, Hobart and I. Soutar were 3rd to 9th.

The Senior Team Trophy went to Chapman House, with Williams House second and Smith House third. The Junior Shield went to "B" Dormitory, which, led by Goldstone, had a minute's advantage over the nearest rivals.

L. M. SMITH  
(Form V)





## VENI, VIDI, VICI VESUVIUS

First of all I would like to defend my title against all challengers. Latin scholars will probably insist on an accusative or something for Vesuvius, but this would render it entirely unreadable to the geographers who comprise the majority of non-classicists in the School. Left in its present mongrel form I hope that my title will be at least twenty-five percent intelligible to everybody.

The approach to Vesuvius from Naples is along an auto-strada, the Italian version of a super-highway which Mussolini began to construct in imitation of his illustrious predecessors of the Roman Empire. Incidentally I would like to shatter any illusions my reader may have about all roads leading to Rome. Anyone who has ever experienced a forty mile detour through the most penetrating form of Italian dust will be hard to convince on this point. This fatal mistake is not as hard to commit as it sounds due to the acute shortage of Neapolitan sign-painters and the inability of anyone living south of Rome to utter anything but "Sempre a driuto" (spelling approximate: meaning "straight ahead") when questioned as to the direction of the Eternal City, unless, of course, he is freely bribed with lira or Luckies.

If you imagine a pile of clinkers several thousand feet high you will have simplified my task of describing Vesuvius. A road, if the department of transport will allow me to call it that, climbs up the side of the mountain to within half an hour's scramble of the crater's rim. The foundation and surface of this road consist entirely of one clinker piled on another, and as the road at several points approaches the perpendicular it poses a very severe test of the motor and tires of a car, as well as of the nerves of its occupants.

We camped in the valley between the rims of the old and new craters. When the moon came up it revealed the bleak, black crater walls rising on either side of us. The clouds of smoke, which every now and then would drift into space from the mouth of Vesuvius, became illuminated to produce an effect both beautiful and frightening. The whole scene, bathed in semi-darkness, was suggestive of the mountains of the moon.

Early next morning, as we had planned, we extricated ourselves from our sleeping-bags and hurriedly climbed to the crater's edge to watch the sun come up. Anyone who has ever witnessed the dawn from the top of a mountain will have an idea of the exhilaration we felt as the double view unfolded before us. Gingerly we approached the treacherous edge of the huge, seemingly

bottomless, hole which had attracted us so far out of our way. It was worth every mile we had travelled. The sheer sides plunged down for a few hundred feet and then sloped inwards to a central hole which was obscured by smoke. Here and there a small landslide would start and a few clinkers would go crashing into that central cone, sending up a momentary cloud of dust. We could see great chunks leaning over the edge with a wide split along their base, and we knew that within a few days they too would go tumbling down the sides. The air on the top of Vesuvius is kept warm by the heat of the dormant volcano and there are plenty of places where you can put your hand into a crevice and feel the steam coming out.

Turning towards the azure Mediterranean, we could now distinguish the broad bay of Naples stretching out before us like the two arms of a Sphinx. Naples, Pompeii and Herculaneum lay below us, lifeless in the early morning. Pompeii and Herculaneum, in fact, will never really live again, but will be kept, like the language that was once spoken in their streets, in a state of glass jar preservation, providing a fascinating window in time, through which we can look back and see clearly how the ordinary Romans really lived.

We made a complete circuit of the crater, and on every side, as we looked outwards, we saw new panoramas, and as we looked inwards, new features of the crater. We found clinkers that were bright yellow and red and bluish, and at one point we had to test the quality of our pants in a sport that might be described as a cross between skiing without skis and tobogganing without toboggans on clinkers instead of snow.

With a mixture of relief, at having reached a spot safe from the treachery of the crater's rim, and regret, at having to leave this mountain of wonders, we at last reached our camp and departed without further incident. I have not mentioned the guide who managed to relieve us of much of our supply of Luckies and lira, and the two young Austrians we met who had carefully avoided the guide racket and who spoke remarkably good English although they had never been near England.

Vesuvius, I hear, is scheduled to erupt sometime next year, in close co-operation with the Naples tourist bureau, in competition with the Rome tourist bureau which had threatened to corner the American market with its Holy Year. Anybody coming?

J. T. I. PORTEOUS (Form VI)

I've so much prep to do  
It makes me rather ill  
I really don't know where to start,  
I don't believe I will.

M. LUCAS  
(Form V)

## LATE AUTUMN DAWN

The first pale rays retreat before the night,  
 As coward dawn in shyness turns away;  
 Then, gathering courage, spreads her mantle bright  
 As herald birds proclaim the coming day.  
 Night melts away and darkness slowly dies,  
 The Sun's first golden vanguard leads the way,  
 And forward comes the monarch of the skies,  
 As scattering clouds in awe their homage pay.  
 The frosted fields like sparkling gems reflect  
 The glorious sight, as tiny shivering things,  
 The prey of freezing winds, the warmth collect,  
 And die-hard birds turn south on snow-flecked wings.  
 Then winter's frigid blast sweeps down and o'er  
 The summer's scurrying things and fastened door.

L. C. R. STEWART-PATTERSON,  
 (Form V)

## ON WAKING UP\*

When I woke up I was amazed to see that the countryside had changed. I had scarcely recovered from this shock when I noticed the people—they were all the same size! I wished I was a tailor, for can you imagine how much easier it would be for a man of that profession to live in a country where all the people wore size 34 suits and size 7 hats?

I arose from where I lay and was led by a guide into a great city. We jumped into a cab and were whisked away through the city streets. We stopped for a light at an intersection that looked suspiciously like Peel and St. Catherine. But where were the wolves with their whistles? My guide explained that all the women were the same so the men didn't have anything to whistle at. I told him that it was the same where I came from except that there the faces were different and the men didn't catch on.

We stopped outside a large department store and went in to look around. I noticed that all the customers were transacting their business very quickly. My guide explained that since the people were all the same size there was a standard size of clothes and shoes approved by the Chamber of Commerce and anyone going in did not have to look all over for his or her size.

I was interested in seeing the city hall and so we sped off towards it. When we got there I was pleased to see

such a beautiful building but what really shocked me was the interview I had with the mayor.

This man was an out and out communist. His reasons for being so were good and so I listened. He told me that since all his people were the same size and had the same ability it was quite possible for his system to work and to keep on working. It was then that I noticed that he was different from the rest of his subjects. He was taller and fatter and better developed than they were. He went on to say that his city had prospered well and that there were no complaints. I saw it all now. The land I was in was Marxland and I was out of place. I saw how the whole thing worked and it worked very well. Why shouldn't it? After all everyone had the same ability and power. I gave a lot of credit to the man who was their leader. He and he alone was the only individual who held this whole fantastic thing together. I saw that he must be very broad minded and must have to do everything in the interest of the people.

This was all very well but I saw no places of worship and when I inquired I was told that there was no worship and that was that.

I don't know what happened but on waking up I found myself back in my own country where everyone was different and some more ambitious than others. Here too I found people trying to preach communism.

How about all of us waking up?

D. K. SOUTAR (Form VI)

\*Winner of Magazine Essay Prize



## SHOOTING BELOW THE SPECTRUM

Many amateurs, and even professionals, wonder at the marvels of infra-red photography, consider it as an unreachable illusion, admire it, but never try to work with it, because it is thought to be a hard, tricky and fruitless medium, one of the many tabooed wonders of photography.

The name itself gives away the meaning: below the red, which is the first colour of the spectrum of ordinary sunlight. This peculiar invisible colour can only be seen when viewed through special glasses, and, in photography, by means of special sensitized films or plates, and with the aid of colourfilters, usually of variable shades of bright red.

These special films, plates and light filters have to be used together, being complementary to each other. The job of the red filter is to exclude any other colours but red, green, yellow, and their colour compounds. As all the upper part of the spectrum, the film will register dark shades in place of those missing colours, and at the same time it will render a different light value to the other ones present, giving any picture, appearing normal to our eyes, a delicate phosphorescent beauty that could not be achieved by any other means.

At the same time infra-red photography is of great aid to those who want to picture some distant scene or object which is not clearly seen by the naked eye. By using the right film and a suitable filter, a wonderfully clear picture of the object is obtained; but if instead we used any ordinary film, with or without filter, it would turn out that the desired object did not come out clearly and appeared either misty or blurred, exactly as the eye saw it.

This is only a small attempt to explain the phenomenon: waves from the red end of the spectrum are able to pass through the great length of atmosphere, while the shorter waves of the other end are absorbed or scattered. If there is any mist or haze the effect is more decided and all the waves of the visible spectrum fail to go directly through the layers of the atmosphere. That is why, though it may be a fairly clear day, distant objects cannot be seen normally. The infra-red waves, being

longer than the other ones, may pass when the red waves fail, and if the "visible" waves are prevented from entering the camera by means of the special red filters, these waves will be pictured on the film, giving a clear picture of the distant object which otherwise would be impossible to obtain.

But the trouble arises when two pictures are taken with infra-red of the same subject, on different occasions. They may be considerably different because the prevailing infra-red waves in the atmosphere change considerably from one day to another without it being possible to know about it.

Also the index value of the film is very low, having an approximate Weston speed of 7, and an A.S.A. value of 8, thus leaving a low margin for any work with it; but the point is that the filter, usually Kodak Wratten Filter A-2 for Kodak Infra-red Films, is already included in the film's factor and no other settings or arrangements are necessary.

These kinds of films and plates are developed normally, maybe with a difference of two minutes more or less than usual. The obtainable contrast is not always predictable, and they are printed on normal paper, so as to make the contrast obtained more apparent or even startling.

This medium of photography is used in many branches of business and of manufacturing to take pictures of documents or articles, and also for the picturing of buildings or architectural structures. To mention some of the scientific uses of it, it is employed by astronomers for the photographing of celestial bodies; it is also very commonly used for the aerial photographing of certain districts, especially when it is necessary to take a picture from a very high altitude without being seen, or for the photographing of shipwrecks.

There is really no special ability required for this kind of photography, other than common sense, and no person who calls himself an amateur should go deeply into photography without trying even once this marvellously captivating medium of the tenth art.

H. BLEJER (Form V)

What deep set eyes—a handsome face  
That nose a striking fixture,  
A leader of our human race,  
My picture!

J.H.  
(Form VI)

## THE KING

We had not slept well at all that night and when we awoke we found we had all been disturbed by a lynx screaming somewhere nearby. A chilly mist hung over the countryside, and it looked like the beginning of an unpleasant day. After our rather insufficient meal of porridge, nearly the last of our bread, tea, and a half ration of bacon (for we were desperately low on game, which we had expected to be plentiful—even trout seemed hard to get) we broke camp. By now it was nearly five o'clock. After packing the usual paraphernalia for a portage, we went towards a falls near which there was rumoured to be a spawning bed.

The falls, and the pool below them, yielded nothing, so the first canoe went off hunting. We, however, went on to a smaller pool downstream. Almost the moment we dropped the fly a trout lunged for it. In a few minutes we had caught four fish, the largest of which was five pounds. This fish had a rush like a salmon. Some people say that a trout never leaves the water once it is hooked, but I would swear that this particular fish had a rush

that would take it eight feet in one jump. After we had caught what we felt to be our limit, we paddled to the other end of the pool. Suddenly through the clear green water we saw a great brown shadow move across the bed of the pool.

My friend's action was instantaneous. In one movement he put aside the paddle and picked up his rod. Almost the moment the great fish saw the fly he hooked, and for one fleeting moment we saw his colourful side of red and orange. Then he darted to the other side of the pool. My friend had played out nearly all his line, but still this strong, agile fish plunged from side to side, throwing the water in curious spouts behind it. Finally I netted him in the almost inadequate landing net after more than twenty-three minutes of hard-fought battle.

What a beauty! He weighed over eight pounds, and was twenty inches long. It was the largest trout I ever saw, and we filled our pipes from each other's pouch in silent recognition of the victory.

J. CHAPMAN (Form IV)

## A HOT SPRING

A hot spring is a community of large hotels inhabited solely by rich people who think that they are being cured of their pet ailments.

To all who have gazed on the geysers of bubbling waters rising and falling into pools of sparkling, boiling, sulphurous water I dedicate this article. You have been lucky.

Last summer, while passing through Padua, Italy, I too was seized by the desire to behold the beauty of these fountains from fairyland which might well have been a part of the garden of Eden. I was soon winding my way through the side streets and alleys of the city following the directions of an inhabitant who happened to be passing.

I had not far to go. Once past the outskirts of the city the road became wider and paved. Large gaudy signs sprung up on either side telling the unfortunate passer-by in so many words to take a bath. Then, all of a sudden, a fair sized modern town appeared before me and in a minute I was driving through a maze of streets flanked by large whitewashed hotels covered with neon signs. I began to feel uneasy at the thought of meeting any of these super-clean people.

To this day I have not known how a really clean person looks for it was the siesta hour and I, having given up all hope of finding an exit from that queer community, turned around and was taking my leave of the place

when an old man walking along the sidewalk began waving vigorously at me as all Italians do when they want to attract your attention.

I asked him what he wanted. He began to babble rapidly and I was only able to make out that he had lived there all his life, that I was the first person that he had ever seen who had left the town without taking a bath and that he thought I should do so for my health. I turned crimson at his personal manner but managed to control myself enough to ask him the way to the fontili—the Italian name for a hot spring. He laughed heartily and loudly in my face and said, (as literal a translation as I could make out):

"They are all round this place." Then he began laughing again so I drove off in disgust and returned to Padua.

Sitting by my fire that night I reviewed the happenings of the day and was forced to admit that I would not get a chance, as long as the age of commercialism lasted, to view a geyser in its primitive beauty.

I cursed inwardly the men who had built the hotels, and tapped the water, regardless of what they spoilt, so that they might get rich, in the same way that I had cursed the woman selling trinkets in the Sistine Chapel in Rome, and the shops selling postcards and souvenirs surrounding the old square in Venice.

M. WHITEHEAD (Form V)

## THE PROFESSOR

A man stood on the bridge, staring down at the swirling black waters, half hypnotized by the momentary reflections of many street lamps on the crests of miniature waves. His mind wandered back over the past few months as he waited, summoning his nerve. His nerve to jump.

His wife had walked out on him to marry another man, and now, just this afternoon, his son had been sent to prison for robbery. His son whom he had raised so carefully was in prison—a common criminal!

The storm that had been growling in the distance was now raging in all its fury. Only at the first crash of thunder did Angus MacDonald come out of his trance. He shook himself and prepared to jump over the rail.

"Go ahead," said a soft voice behind him.

Angus whirled quickly. "Who are you?" he rasped.

"Professor Stevenson," answered the soft voice. "Go ahead and jump. It won't do you any good."

"I wasn't going to jump anyway," snapped Angus, "and besides, how do you know it wouldn't do me any good?"

"Because," said the professor, "I can bring you back to life again."

As they moved nearer the street light on the bridge, Angus got a better look at the small man. The professor was a strange sight indeed. His bare head was matted with long grey hair and his eyes were large and luminous, sunken far into his head. But the strange thing about him was his skin. It was horribly wrinkled and leathery.

"He must be about a hundred years old," thought Angus to himself.

"You can bring me back to life again?" he asked, wondering why he had to bump into a crackpot at a time like this. "Well, don't do it. My pen has a lifetime guarantee and I don't think it would be valid for a second life," he chuckled.

"Bah! You think I'm crazy too," the little old professor said shakily. "I'll show you all some day!"

With that he pulled out an ancient looking pipe and lighted it, mumbling all the time about how persecuted he was.

"You take this card," he said, shaking a gnarled finger in Angus' face, "and some day you'll be proud to say that you've ever spoken to me!" Having said this he turned quickly and shuffled off into the stormy night.

Angus glanced down at the calling card that had been given him and then pushed it into his pocket. Talking to this poor creature who was worse off than he had done something for him.

Next day he woke up resolved to start life anew. Things weren't so bad after all. There was a letter from his wife beseeching him to take her back again and there was a possibility of his son's sentence being suspended.

That night he decided to pay the old professor a visit to tell him how he had saved his life and to see if he couldn't do something for the old man.

The address was in a very secluded and remote part of town. As he walked up the dimly lit street he had an uncanny feeling that he was being watched although the sidewalk was deserted and the only sound was the hollow echoing of his footsteps.

At last he spied it. It was a huge old house which at one time had been a beautiful mansion, but now lay rotting, accumulating dust. Angus checked the number of the house and the name of the professor and went up the worn, weather-beaten steps.

He rapped the knocker a few times as the eeriness of the atmosphere grew all around him. At last he heard someone coming and then the massive door swung open a crack. A woman dressed in a black cloak stood in the doorway.

"Yes?" she asked.

Angus cleared his throat. "Is Professor Stevenson here?" he questioned.

"Ah, I'm sorry," the woman said softly. "Professor Stevenson has been dead four years."

M. LUCAS (Form V)

Down flashed the cudgel bare,  
The air was filled with gloom  
As he withdrew, a beaten man,  
Out of the prefects' room!

D. TURNBULL  
(Form V)



## AUTUMN

The autumn season is probably the most beautiful time of year. This is seen most vividly in the woods when the trees turn colour and the leaves fall to the ground like a blanket trying to protect the ground from the cold, wet snow that is to come.

But if it is beautiful it is certainly not as active as the warm and energetic summer. In late autumn when one goes to the woods the brightly coloured goldfinch or cheery robin cannot be seen. Nor can the chipmunk or squirrel, both very common creatures of nature in summer, be espied among the thick underbrush or scampering along the top of a fallen tree. For these creatures have grown silent for the winter and the small but active birds have left for a warmer place.

Again, if one goes to the rippling brook, on whose surface the leaves float along like miniature rafts, no duck or heron flies up at the approach, for the duck and heron have flown south.

So if autumn is beautiful it is a mute beauty, boasting none of the wildlife activities with which summer has been blessed by nature.

Of course there is some wildlife left. The partridge, for instance, or the rabbit which changes colour. But how can these compare with the beautiful oriole or striped chipmunk?

For man too there is a change. When the autumn comes the children go back to school and the husband goes off to work. The country home is left uninhabited, perhaps to be used again at Christmas during the holidays; but these two weeks of frosty winter cannot compare with the three months of lovely summer.

And then perhaps in late November or early December a leaf falls on a slow-moving stream and does not start on its downstream course. The startled trout swims rapidly away, not realizing what the falling leaf has heralded—winter.

G. CANTLIE (Form IV)

## PHONEY BUSINESS\*

I was awakened by a crackling voice in my ear, saying impatiently, "Hello, hello. Hello, are you there? What do you want?"

I mumbled sleepily, "Just a moment, please." I had been waiting so long for an answer that I had fallen asleep and couldn't remember the number, or, for that matter, who it was I was calling. Slowly it came back to me, but by the time I picked up the phone the operator had hung up. I dialled again, only this time I had sufficient presence of mind to write down my ultimate objective. Then, minutes later, a voice answered with a muffled hello. She must have been a new girl, for she almost considered herself on equal terms with me, and was condescendingly polite, even if she did speak into the wrong end of the phone.

"Five-eight-five Ste. Anne de Bellevue, please," I gasped before another voice cut in.

"F. X. Finklebottom's Safety Pin Company, also makers of synthetic bananas, phony nickels, etc., etc., Finklebottom's hymopastathic-paladinine tractors for injuries incurred by Finklebottom's safety pins, and Duzn't Laundry Soap, guaranteed to produce suds in cold salt water. . . ."

I hung up dazedly, and then grimly picked up the diabolical machine again. I almost pulled it from the wall when somebody answered immediately. It was a very pleasant voice; also young; also curved; also feminine.

"Hello."

"Hellooo!"

"'lo, what ya want?" The last voice was neither young nor pleasant, though I think it was feminine. It reminded me of a cow I'd heard complaining that her

head was caught in a barb-wire fence. It sounded like the operator.

"Hello, hello. I've been cut off."

"Shut up. D'ya want a number or not?"

"Yes, but—"

"Okay. Take Flea-bag in the fifth."

"Hello, hello. What—"

I gave the hook a wallop and it clattered to the floor. A voice immediately answered.

"Hello. Long distance operator."

"Five-eight-five, Ste. Anne de Bellevue. . . ."

"Yes, sir."

Silence. Then, "Fifteen dollars, please."

"HELLO."

I winced.

"By golly, Clem, it works. Dod-blamedest miracle I ever did see. Girl says he's from Lennoxville. Sounds Russian, don't it?"

"You Russian?"

"NO! I want Montreal."

"Sorry, this is five-eight-five Ste. Anne de. . . ."

"I'm sorry, sir, but you can't speak till you've paid your fifteen dollars."

"Fifteen dollars! Haven't the rates gone up a little?"

"Yes, ten cents. Texas—"

"Texas! I don't want Texas."

"Dod-blame it, Clem, he doesn't want Texas!"

"No, I want five-eight-five Ste. Anne de Bellevue."

"That's what you have, sir."

The phone mercifully ripped from the wall as I hit it with the stepladder.

I sent a telegram. I could have walked.

L. C. R. STEWART-PATTERSON (Form V)

\*Winner of article prize, donated by Mysto, Inc.

## A DAY AT SCHOOL

From nine to break you shake your head  
 And rub your eyes and yawn,  
 Your mind is cloudy, feet like lead—  
 You wake, the class is gone.

From break to lunch you yearn for chow  
 And nothing else sinks in,  
 As visions sweet of leathery cow  
 Against the lesson win.

Then after lunch when yawns abound,  
 In summer hours—rest!  
 And head meets desk with hollow sound  
 And few recall that test.

In winter hours you're really gone  
 As classes roll around,  
 For in that hockey game you shone,  
 And hearty snores resound.

Comes prep—you drag down books galore  
 But sleeping passed the day;  
 You can't recall a thing, therefore  
 Sweet sleep whiles prep away.

Then on your bed your head you lay  
 As prefect cries "Lights out!"  
 But you can't sleep—you've slept all day—  
 Just toss and turn about.

L. C. R. STEWART-PATTERSON  
 (Form V)

## PROGRESS

She sat there like an old lady, her bonnet of rough-hewn timber sitting slightly askew on her head. Her general appearance was one of lowered dignity and forgotten glory—a *ci-devant*.

The front porch showed many signs of old age; one of the supports for the pillars had sagged with the rot of old age and allowed a part of the porch roof to hang down like a widow's veil. The flooring had lost in its battle with the elements and was now little more than a pile of rotting planks held together by rusty nails.

The two sides and back told the same story—desolation and disrepair. The wild forest grass and young fir trees were closing in and encircling the little hut with their slow but relentless method of warfare.

Inside were a table and two chairs, inanimate narrators of the tale of man's retreat. On the walls were three or four sets of pegs where the rods of the 'sports' had once hung. Through a door in the back of the room was a

small kitchen with the rusted remains of the old stove sitting in the corner. Outside the back door was the cleaning block and, just above, the peg for the scales which had once weighed princely fish.

Standing out in front one could look across the river and see the steep hills arrayed in all their finery. At one's feet a little path wound its careful way down the steep bank to the deserted landing place and the deep pool.

If you stood and looked into the brown water for long enough you could see a sucker nosing its way slowly downstream from beneath a sunken log or a lamprey eel resting in the gently flowing water after the long fight up against the rapids.

Suddenly the air was rent by a strangely foreign sound. The hills echoed and re-echoed the piercing blast. The great, new, beautiful pulp-mill a quarter of a mile upstream was blowing the noon whistle.

J.C.K.H.

All week long the sun shines bright  
 As I in school do rack my brain,  
 But now the weekend is in sight  
 As usual it looks like rain.

M. LUCAS  
 (Form V)

## BLUES

Bugle shiny,  
Gloves snow-white,  
Buttons gleaming,  
Pillbox right;

Boots all polished,  
Belt shined brown,  
Spat straps tucked in,  
Snake's head down;

Bayonet steel-woolled,  
Hilt unscratched,  
Coat well brushed off,  
Collar attached;

Rigid attention;  
Inspection; then,  
"Shoelace showing!"  
Fatigues again.

J. T. I. PORTEOUS  
(Form VI)

## INVASION

Human shadows moved silently in the dark, wandering nervously, hiding, and trying not to be seen.

At every moment they raised their eyes, looking imploringly at each other, their faces masks of resignation and self-pity.

They moved without a mind to govern their bodies. Thoughts did not seem to go along the winding channels of their brain system, as their minds floated in the midst of a lake of confusion.

Through years of exact drill, they had learnt to offer no resistance when "the others" came. They knew what to do, and they taught it to the younger and to the new ones.

It was a sort of unwritten law to endure it every year. Endure it yes, but also enjoy, because "the others" were masters of human feelings; "the others" knew how to turn hatred into love, fear into friendship; they knew it as well as "the others."

Suddenly all of them ceased to do whatever they were doing; the faint roar of motorized vehicles coming nearer was heard. Immediately everyone left their hiding place and went to meet "the others" in silence. Some walked,

dragging their own selves toward fate; some ran, eager to meet their conquerors; but everybody, without exception, went to them.

The roar of motors became more perceptible, it grew louder and louder, until the vehicles appeared from behind a curve.

Then the power of thought and will came back to them, right when they could not do anything else but stay, when escape was no more than a mere dream.

The motors stopped, doors opened and the sound of steps was heard, and when "they" came out nothing but unfriendliness was seen pictured on the faces of those who were now prisoners.

The invaders stayed together in groups and from time to time someone looked at them with the hope of recognition and mercy, until they were all called to gather together.

As they were lining up irregularly, someone yelled not far away: "Hurry up, Jim; the Compton girls have arrived."

H. BLEJER  
(Form V)



## SCIENCE

Science: unendingly searching for knowledge and  
Groping about in the darkness and strife,  
Probing and grasping at everything tangible,  
Seeking a clue to existence and life;

Seeking an answer to limitless questions and  
Parting the veil and exposing the light;  
Opening portals whose secrets were hidden by  
Ignorance; piercing the primitive night.

Snatching at everything, curious, wondering,  
Failing, but happy with hope as reward;  
Struggling on, but undaunted and confident,  
Thoughtfulness feeds her and truth is her sword.

L. C. R. STEWART-PATTERSON,  
(Form V)

# THE PREP

THE PREPARATORY SCHOOL  
MAGAZINE



**"THE PREP" EDITORS 1949**

<i>Editor-in-Chief</i>	— ERIC MOLSON
<i>Literary Editor</i>	— GRAHAM NESBITT
<i>News Editor</i>	— PETER TWIDALE
<i>Sports Editor</i>	— JOHN COWANS
<i>Assistant Editors</i>	— DAVID SCOTT
	— PETER WHITE
	— TONY HUNGERBUHLER
	— REFOR D MACDOUGALL
<i>Photography</i>	— WILLIAM SHARP
	— DAVID TREMBLE
	— HUGH DIXON
<i>Art</i>	— BOB MACNAMARA
<i>Managing Editor</i>	— J. G. GORDON, B.A.

**EDITORIAL**

This year we are producing a magazine by ourselves. The Staff is divided into five different groups:—Literary, News, Sports, Art and Photography. They do their own special jobs as well as encourage other boys to write for the magazine or take pictures of games and of school life.

The school term has been going along steadily and well with the help of the new Masters; Mr. Gordon, Mr. Rush, and Mr. Price. We have had sound movies nearly every Saturday for the first time in the Prep and also enjoyed many other activities such as the Horse Show in Sherbrooke, Thanksgiving weekend, tobogganing, playing Shinny and bicycling.

ERIC MOLSON  
(Remove)

**NEW MASTERS**

Three new Masters have this year joined the staff of the Preparatory School. One might almost say that they have converged upon the Prep. in that one hails from England and another from the West of Canada.

Mr. Rush, the new French Master and a native of England, has rapidly settled down to what he terms "the very pleasant atmosphere of B.C.S." Despite the vast distance between their respective birth-places, both he and Mr. Gordon, the new English Master from Alberta, exhibit a certain affinity of ideas which must at times perturb their small charges. Mr. Price, third member of the trio, has his home in Quebec and is at present in his final year at Bishop's College. In his capacity as Sports Master he has demonstrated his ability by coaching the Soccer team through an unbeaten season.

We wish all three happiness in their life at the School.

**MR. FARTHING**

At the end of last term, we regretfully said goodbye to Mr. Farthing who had been on the staff of the Prep. since 1942. As a graduate of McGill, a Rhodes Scholar, and a graduate of University College, Oxford, he was well equipped for the exacting task of introducing junior boys to the pleasures of English Literature, to the satisfaction to be derived from clear and grammatical self-expression and to the appreciation and understanding of other historical periods than their own. Many old Prep. boys are conscious that it was under his care that they first began to awake to these things. An athlete of note, Mr. Farthing also made his presence felt on the games field. His careful and knowledgeable coaching, particularly in Cricket and Track, laid the foundations on which many a boy built the style which later won him renown in the Upper School.

Above all, perhaps, it was in his personal character that he made his greatest contribution to the life of the School. His steadiness of purpose, his deep convictions, his complete sincerity at all times were qualities which silently affected all who had the privilege to know him. One of the pictures that remain in one's mind's eye is that of a crowd of small boys milling around his tall figure as he walked along, courteously listening in turn to what each one had to say, and then replying with a reasoned comment which gave his small hearer the flattering, but true, idea that what he had to say was of great importance and interest to this understanding man. Of such are great schoolmasters made.

Mr. Farthing's present address is: Dominion Square Hotel Annex, 1225 Metcalf Street, Montreal. We wish him all success with the writing of the book which he has left us to complete, and we hope that he may find time for an occasional visit to see us again.

**MR. ROSS**

From Prefect in the Upper School to Games-and-Duty Master in the Prep. was a step which John Ross took in his stride. He knew how to handle boys, how to win their affection without losing their respect, how to enthuse them over some project because he was full of enthusiasm himself. Under his coaching, all the teams played hard, well and successfully. In all the different, unofficial activities which mean so much in the life of a boarding school, whether it is taking on the whole school in a rough-and-tumble or organising the construction of a barbecue under the trees, his infectious smile, good humour, and initiative set the tone for everyone.

He is now studying at Middlebury College, Vermont, where we wish him every success. We hope that a recent and welcome return visit he paid us at Thanksgiving may not be the last.



## NEW BOYS

This year in the prep. we are glad to welcome seventeen new boys. Bailey, Blake, Eakin, MacDougall, Mitchell and Sharp are the new boys in Remove. There are four new boys in Form II: Caridi, Fraser, MacKay and White. In Form I, the new boys are Clough, Huband, Francis and Molson III, while those in Shell are Badger III, Rowell I, Rowell II, and Smith III.

Already five of the new boys (MacDougall, Sharp, Caridi, Fraser and Molson III) have showed up well in making the Soccer team.

We all hope that the new boys in the Prep. are enjoying it.

PETER TWIDALE  
(Remove)



## THE BUS RIDE TO STANSTEAD

Two buses took the whole Prep to Stanstead on October 15. One carried the soccer team and Remove (which is the top form in the Prep) and also our Sports Master, Mr. Price. The other bus held the rest of the Prep with Mr. Whitlow and Mr. Gordon.

After the game came the ride back. In Mr. Whitlow's bus there was a slight accident. One of the boy's hats flew out the window. By the time the bus had stopped it was at least half a mile behind. The bus turned and went back and got the cap, losing about five minutes. After that the bus returned uneventfully.

PETER WHITE  
(Form II)



## THE CHAPEL CHOIR

The choir in the chapel is quite a good organization. There is a set choir practice every Tuesday night and every Thursday morning. At these practices the choir sings over the hymns, canticles and psalms for the coming Sunday; and the anthems for Christmas and Easter. Mr. Black, our choir-master, is also the organist.

The treble section of the choir, of which I am a member, sings descants to some of the hymns which are in harmony. The tenors and basses also singing harmony make a very good effect.

The choir wears white surplices, or cloth jackets; and red cassocks, or long gowns during the service and so, it is said, we both look and sing well.

PETER WHITE  
(Form II)

## THE SOCCER BANQUET

Mr. Whitlow kindly arranged a celebration in honour of the team's undefeated season. This turned out to be a Banquet which was held at 5.00 p.m., on the nineteenth of November in the Dining Hall. We had a wonderful Roast Chicken Dinner with ice cream pie for dessert. Then, after everyone had finished their dessert, various toasts were proposed. Eric Molson was toastmaster.

The first speaker was Bill Johnson who proposed the toast to the School. Then Blake proposed a toast to the team on their very successful season. Following that Mr. Grier presented the Wanstall Cup to Peter Twidale, the captain of the Soccer team. Twidale replied to the toast to the team and Sharp proposed a toast to the coaches to which Mr. Price replied.

I hope that the team will be very successful in years to come.

BOB MACNAMARA  
(Remove)

## HALLOWE'EN PLAYS

This year we had some very exciting plays put on by all the different dorms. Mr. Rush helped Remove dorm with their play while Mr. Gordon helped Dorm I and Mr. Whitlow worked with Dorm II. Mr. Price helped Shell Dorm.

There was great excitement that night before the plays began. People were putting on costumes and arranging tables and chairs. Each play lasted about twenty minutes. Dorm III put theirs on first and they called it "B.C.S. Backwards." The first scene took place in a classroom with all the students wearing their shirts and ties backwards, which was very amusing to the audience.

All the plays took place in the Art Room and Assembly Room with the doors between pushed back. Remove put on a play called "The Mystery in the Lighthouse" and another called "The Robbery" which was supposed to be funny. Dorm I, called their play "Crime Does Not Pay." It showed the sad fate of two crooks. Shell's play was called "The Mystery Beast" and was done quite well.

All the masters put on a skit about us in class which was funny, and then to end the program Messrs. Rush, Gordon and Price sang a song about how bad we are at night.

DAVID TREMBLE  
(Remove)

## THE HORSE SHOW

Sunday, October 9

This year the Sherbrooke Horse Show was very nice. Some kind person sent tickets for the boys who were not going out with their parents.

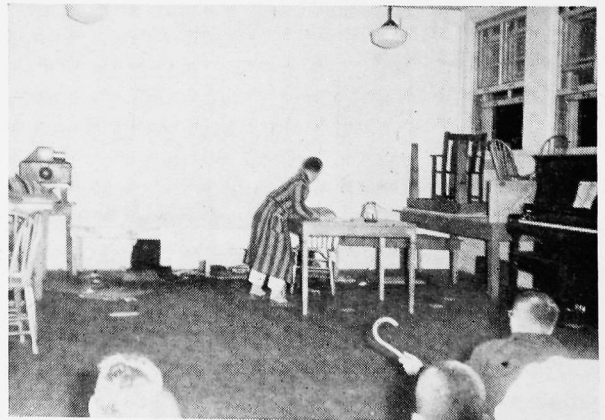
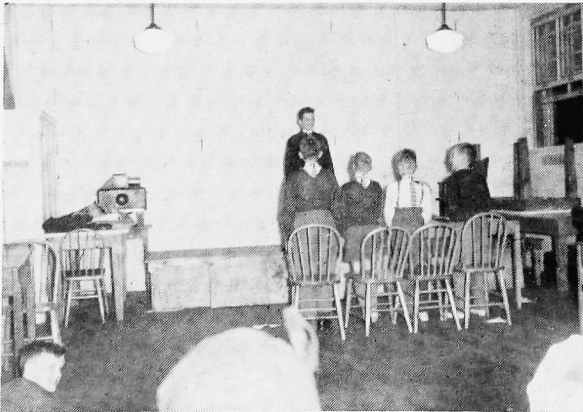
There was jumping, a seat and hands class, a cowboy class and a stage coach. In the seat and hands class there were two little boys about four or five years old dressed up like cowboys, and they were very funny. When the stage coach came in the judge got on it and took a ride.

TONY HUNGERBUHLER  
(Form II)

## THE REMOVE RADIO PLAY

As this issue of "The Prep" goes to press, Remove form is producing a radio play. It is a thriller called "Shivering Shocks." The play is a mystery and will take twenty or thirty minutes. Sharp is the Director and the main parts are taken by Johnson, Nesbitt, Derby, Twidale, Molson and Pick. Cowans and MacNamara are in charge of the sound effects. The announcers are Mitchell and MacDougall. Dixon is the Narrator and Whyte, Eakin and Tremble are in charge of the technical operation. It is the first radio play that boys in the Prep have put on.

BOB MACNAMARA  
(Remove)





# PREP SPORTS





## THE SOCCER TEAM — Coach's Impressions

**TWIDALE**—(Captain) Center Forward. Peter led the team quietly and efficiently throughout the season. He coordinated and held together a powerful forward line, scoring three goals himself and assisting in many others, while his ball-control and drive made him always a threat.

**WHYTE I**—(Vice-Captain) Right Fullback. A capable, reliable, and rugged performer throughout the schedule, he salvaged many a risky situation by his fearless interceptions and strong kicking.

**JOHNSON**—Right Outside. Speed, control, and a scoring shot made Billy a dangerous man for opponents to have hovering in their goal area. The team's leading scorer, he accounted for seven points.

**FRASER**—Right Inside. Hugh, with his excellent dribbling, speed, scoring punch, hard backchecking and general ball sense, was undoubtedly a big factor in the team's success. A shining spark on the forward line, he showed rapid improvement during the season, and was particularly noted for his ability to clear the ball and start a scoring rush. He should be most useful next year.

**MACNAMARA**—Left Fullback. "Mac" constituted one-half of an excellent fullback combination. Generally a strong kicker, he occasionally had an off day and had trouble getting his feet to the ball.

**MOLSON III**—Right Outside. Making the team very early in his Prep career, Steve nevertheless showed that his ability and drive could overcome his age and size. He improved with every game of the schedule and will be a very useful man next year.

**DIXON**—Right Half. Ability augmented by consistency made Hughie a standout for the XI. A hard-working,

long-kicking man, he backed his technical abilities with a resourceful nature and rough-and-tumble tactics.

**DERBY**—Centre Half. A tough performer, he accepted and justified the responsibility placed on him with his selection to a key position. He backed the forwards well, while his backchecking carried a lot of weight defensively.

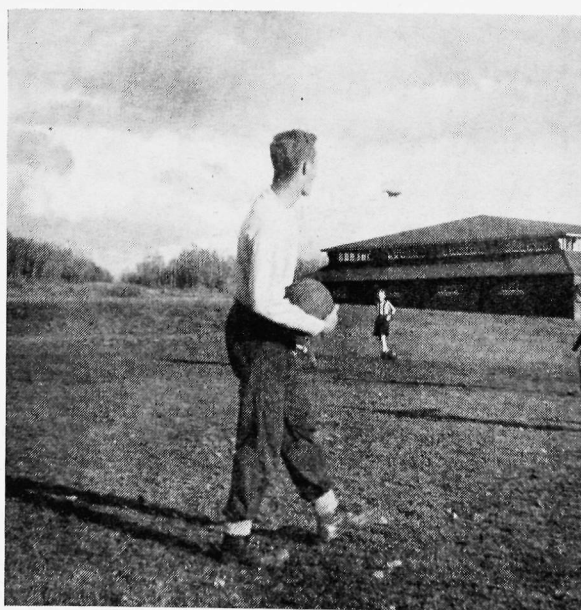
**COWANS**—Left Half. John filled his post well with good ball control and an adequate kick. A little more resourcefulness and rugged play, however, would have increased his value.

**SHARP**—Goal. Inserted between the uprights early in the season, on a hunch, Bill developed into a polished goal-keeper whose ability inspired confidence in his team-mates. Managing to always let in fewer balls than his opposite number, he was a force to be reckoned with during the undefeated season.

**NESBITT**—Left Inside. A fairly consistent player during the term, Graham was a useful man to a smooth line. He was hampered however by lack of speed and the ability to size up a situation.

**CARIDI**—Left Inside. Hampered at the beginning of the season by his lack of knowledge of English which made it difficult for him to understand instructions, Leon overcame the obstacle to gain a first string position in the last two games. His speed, trickery, and control were outstanding and will make him a valuable part of next year's team.

**MACDOUGALL**—Right Outside. Like the temperature, "Reef" was sometimes hot and sometimes cold. His speed and aggressiveness were a potent factor in the first victory over Selwyn House but his inconsistency prevented him from holding down a regular berth on the squad.



THE COACH



THE PREP AT STANSTEAD

## THE SOCCER MATCHES

### PREP VS UPPER SCHOOL

Friday, September 23rd Won 2-1

Friday, September 30th Won 3-2

We played two games with the Upper School this year against a team composed mostly of last year's XI. We won our first game with two beautiful goals by Johnson and Fraser. It was not a very nice day and it rained about half the game. At one time it rained so hard that they had to stop the game for a while.

The second game we won also. Johnson scored again with a shot that went in off the Upper School goaler. The next two goals were scored by Twidale and Fraser.

JOHN COWANS  
(Remove)

### PREP VS STANSTEAD JUNIORS — At Stanstead

Saturday, October 15th Tied 1-1

Our first game with Stanstead was very exciting. It was very hard on the defencemen who were MacNamara and Whyte. They played exceptionally well. Johnson dribbled past their defence to score our goal. They scored on a Penalty Kick. Sharp, our Goalkeeper, had a hard time.

REFORD MACDOUGALL (Remove)

### PREP VS SELWYN HOUSE — At Montreal

Friday, October 21st Won 2-1

Our first game with Selwyn House was a very exciting game. In the first half we thought we were going to lose but then Johnson and Twidale scored for us. Then, in the last few minutes of the game, they scored.

REFORD MACDOUGALL (Remove)



THE PREP AT SELWYN HOUSE





SELWYN HOUSE AT LENNOXVILLE

PREP VS SELWYN HOUSE — At Lennoxville  
Saturday, October 29th Won 4-1

Our second game with Selwyn House was a very interesting one. They scored the first goal. It seemed as though we would not catch up but Johnson scored two goals which bucked up the team. Molson scored a goal and Fraser played an excellent game and scored the other goal. MacNamara and Whyte, the two fullbacks, had a very hard time but played very well. Sharp had some lucky breaks in goal and stopped a lot for us.

REFORD MACDOUGALL (Remove)

PREP VS KING'S HALL SENIOR GIRLS — At Compton  
Wednesday, November 2nd Won 2-0

On the second day of November the Prep soccer team went over to Compton to the King's Hall Senior team. It was quite a nice day so we started the game right away. The game was divided into four quarters of eight minutes each. In the first quarter one goal was scored by Twidale, our Centre Forward. No other goals were

scored in that quarter. Fraser scored in the second quarter ending the first half with a 2-0 lead for us. In the second half the Compton team played much better and put up a very good fight. No goals were scored in the second half.

JOHN COWANS (Remove)

PREP VS STANSTEAD JUNIORS — At Lennoxville  
Saturday, November 12th Won 3-0

On the twelfth of November our return game with Stanstead was played. The game started at 10.30 in the morning and we played two thirty minute periods. Not long after the start Johnson had scored giving us a 1-0 lead. The second shot was scored by a shot from Caridi which he got past the fallen Goaler. The half ended with a 2-0 lead for us. In the second half Dixon scored from a beautiful corner kick; the first score of that kind this season. He kicked two others during the game but they failed to go in. The game ended with a 3-0 score and an undefeated season for the Prep.

JOHN COWANS (Remove)





# THE PREP LITERARY PAGES

## AUTUMN WOODS

I went out to the woods one day,  
Out where the squirrels and rabbits play  
And the chickadees swoop around.

All the leaves were turning red,  
And the older ones already dead  
Fluttered to the ground.

If you had been in the woods with me  
You couldn't have heard a sound;  
Except for the singing of a bird,  
And a brook St. Francis-bound.

MICHAEL PICK  
(Remove)

## AFTER LIGHTS OUT

Eight-ten—Remove came down from Prep. Eight-fifteen—we are all in the washroom. Eight-twenty-five—we are all either reading or listening to a radio program on MacNamara's bed. Eight-thirty (or if the Master-on-Duty is in a good mood, eight-forty-five—the lights go out.

All is quiet except for the rustle of paper as Tremble marks off another day on his calendar. Then Whyte switches on his radio and goes under the covers to listen

to it. Derby, finding an apple core, throws it at Johnson who throws it back and hits poor Derby in the eye. It makes a nasty splattering noise. Just as Derby is going to return it, the door opens with a loud creak and the Master puts his head in. All he sees is quiet, sleeping boys. After the Master leaves most of the boys go to sleep. Some talk quietly but it soon does down and by nine-fifteen all is quiet.

PETER TWIDALE (Remove)



## TUNA FISHING

This August I spent at Digby, Nova Scotia, which is on the Bay of Fundy.

One day we drove to Wedgeport, which is about fifteen miles from Yarmouth. It is one of the world's best places for tuna fishing. I was there for only a day, but I didn't do any fishing.

The boats are quite small, about thirty feet long. When the season is over they are used as lobster boats or for commercial fishermen.

The average tuna weighs about five hundred pounds, although the record is over nine hundred and fifty pounds. The size of the reel is about eight inches across and the rod is very heavy.

This is what happens each day when a party goes out tuna fishing. You are wakened around 4.30 a.m. by someone in the hotel you are staying at. After an early breakfast, you go to the wharf and get into your boat, which was hired beforehand. By that time it is about 5.15. There are three guides per boat. The boat gets under way, and speeds out to a place called Soldiers' Rip, which the tuna stay at as there are schools of herring there which they feed on. After arriving at the Rip the lines are baited and dropped into the water. The fisherman sits in a chair at the stern, and has a rod stuck in a hole on each side of him. When a strike is made he grabs the rod with the fish on, and rams it into a hole in the chair, while a guide quickly straps him in. Then the fight begins! The terrific weight of the tuna fish lifts the fisherman from his chair. The fish takes hundreds of feet of line a minute. Finally, after an exhausting struggle, it tires, and is pulled slowly towards the boat. A couple of guides stand by to gaff the tuna. To catch it might take anywhere from half an hour to five hours.

Finally the fish is gaffed and hauled into the boat. This usually takes about two or three men. There is great excitement as the tuna is dragged aboard. Then, if it is about three or four o'clock, the tired fishermen return to the wharf at Wedgeport. There is always a large crowd at the time the boats start to come in. If a party has been successful, a small white flag is raised on the mast. When I was there five boats came in and only one didn't have a tuna.

The "horse-mackerel," as a tuna is sometimes called, is hauled up on the pier by block and tackle. It is then weighed and hung up by its tail, for the crowd to see. The tuna is always given to the skipper of the boat who carves his initials on its hard skin so there will be no mixup.

Usually a person who catches a tuna takes something as a souvenir. Sometimes these include the eyeball, which is crystal clear; the tail of the fish, which is then stuffed; or the small yellow fins on its back and stomach.

GRAHAM NESBITT (Remove)

## A WONDERFUL IDEA

One night when I was undressing, an idea all of a sudden came into my head and I said to myself that I would do it after I had washed. After I had washed I came to my dorm, put on my pyjamas and hung up my dressing gown. Then I went over to Pick's bed and made an apple-pie bed. As I was making it Mr. Price came into the Dorm and you can imagine how scared I was at first! When he came into the Dorm he had a smile on his face which reassured me. A little while later Remove came down from Prep. Pick came down very happy, not knowing what was going on, and he undressed and went to the bathroom to wash. By that time we were saying our prayers. A little while later Pick had finished washing and came back to the Dorm and said his prayers. After he had finished his prayers the light went out and Pick got into bed. With a mighty heave he went through his sheets and ripped them. All of a sudden I woke up and realized that this had all been a wonderful dream.

LLOYD SCHEIB  
(Form II)

## A DOG

My favourite pet is a dog. The other day my Daddy brought me home one. He was a Newfoundland dog. He was only one week old and he was very cute. He is black and white. Daddy said that when he grows up he will be a very big dog. I am glad about that because he will be strong enough to pull me around in a sleigh at winter time. I hope it won't be very long because I am very impatient.

HUGH FRASER  
(Form II)

## THE CROW

It was a winter day  
When I went out to play,  
And I heard a bird singing  
In a tree not far away.

It sounded like a crow,  
But I really didn't know,  
Until I saw its jet-black form  
Against the winter snow.

Sometime later on that day,  
The bird got cold and flew away.

JOHN DERBY  
(Remove)

# OLD BOYS' NOTES

## B.C.S. OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

PAUL F. SISE, *Honorary President*

THE RIGHT REV. LENNOX WILLIAMS, D.D., *Honorary Chaplain*

H. WEIR DAVIS, K.C., *President*

GORDON H. MACDOUGALL, *Vice-President*

T. H. MONTGOMERY, *Secretary-Treasurer*

(P. O. Box 250, Place d'Armes, Montreal)

HERBERT L. HALL, *Assistant Secretary*

*Representative on Scholarship Committee:*

MAJOR E. DE L. GREENWOOD

HON. MR. JUSTICE C. G. MACKINNON

*Committee:*

MAJOR J. F. BAILLIE

J. CHURCHILL-SMITH

HENRY T. LANGSTON

GEORGE E. BUCH

HENRY T. MARKEY

DANIEL DOHENY

H. WEIR DAVIS, K.C.

J. L. GIBB-CARLEY

MURRAY MAGOR

GORDON H. MACDOUGALL





In the BULLETIN, which was sent out in November, it was announced that the Association was nearing its mark of having 500 annual members. For the present year (1948-49), 400, of whom 17 are Life Members, have paid their fees. 33 who were members in 1947-48 have not paid this year's fees. May we appeal to them once again to send their fees to T. H. MONTGOMERY, P.O. BOX 250, PLACE D'ARMES, MONTREAL, P.Q. With these 33 added to the 400 and those Old Boys who left the School last June but who have not yet joined, membership in the Association could be about 450. One of the chief purposes of the Association is to provide a scholarship at the School. The present Old Boys' Scholarship, valued at \$750.00, is, perhaps, one of the finest scholarships offered at any school in Canada. \$1.00 out of the \$3.00 annual fees goes to the Scholarship Fund. May we ask Old Boys to keep this in mind and to pay their annual fees promptly.

The following Old Boys were present at Thanksgiving: Col. W. W. Ogilvie, Col H. C. MacDougall, Hon. Mr. Justice W. Mitchell, H. A. Sewell, H. H. Smith, O. Glass, G. Furse, P. Winslow, W. Satterthwaite, G. Sharwood, C. C. Ballantyne, A. Lindsay, D. Campbell, P. Glassford, S. Cantlie, J. Ross, J. Tremain, E. Steeves, D. Faerman, T. Cresswell, N. Courey, G. Courey, M. Fisher, S. Schafran, J. Goodson, A. Lemieux, A. Finley, R. Pattison, D. Creighton, R. Setlakwe, R. W. Smith, M. Wallace, T. Hodgson, J. Lawrence, T. Malcolm, G. Maitland, A. Mackenzie, H. Finley, J. Gilmour, P. Aird, R. McBoyle, J. Gray, J. Sewell, P. Satterthwaite, W. Anglin, V. Scheib, W. Ogilvie, jr., C. Gordon, D. Ashworth, H. Burland, J. Williams, R. Collier, J. Pratt, P. Lindsay, D. Lawrence, S. Andrews, H. MacDougall, W. Christie, V. Bennett, J. A. Allan, J. Bassett, M. Stearns, J. Porteous, J. Gibb-Carsley, R. R. MacDougall, B. M. Ogilvie, R. Price, G. Powis, J. Churchill-Smith, L. M. Smith, E. Lemessurier, V. Murray, D. Glassford, D. M. Stevens, D. Stearns.

#### DEATHS

We regret to announce the death of the following Old Boys and to the members of the respective families we extend our deepest sympathy:

Mr. Justice C. D. White died in Sherbrooke on October 19th.

George C. T. Pemberton ('84-'87) died in Toronto, on October 16th.

Old Boys will regret to learn of the death of Col. S. E. Francis who died in Westmount on November 12th. Those who were at the School during the 1920's will remember the keen interest he took in the Gym Competitions and Cadet Corps Inspections.

#### BIRTHS

To Mr. and Mrs. H. D. Thorp, a daughter, in Toronto, on October 31st.

To Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Stairs, a son, in Arvida, P.Q., on November 2nd.

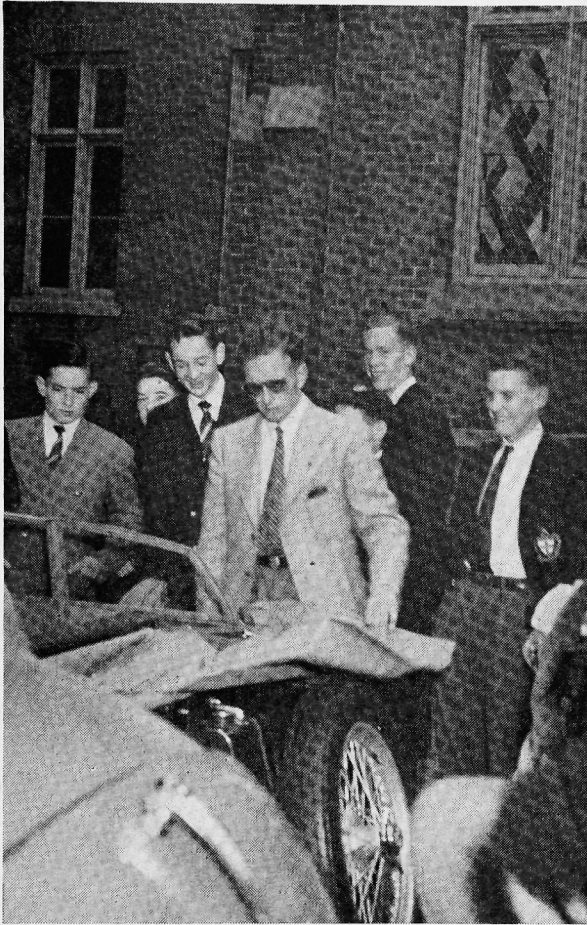
To Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Montgomery, Jr., a son, in Montreal, on November 19th.

#### WEDDINGS:

D. Atkinson was married to Miss C. Zane of Honolulu, in New York early in June.

#### ENGAGEMENTS:

E. Douglas Taylor is engaged to Miss L. O'Neil of Quebec, P.Q.



TOMMY KER VISITS THE SCHOOL WITH HIS M.G.

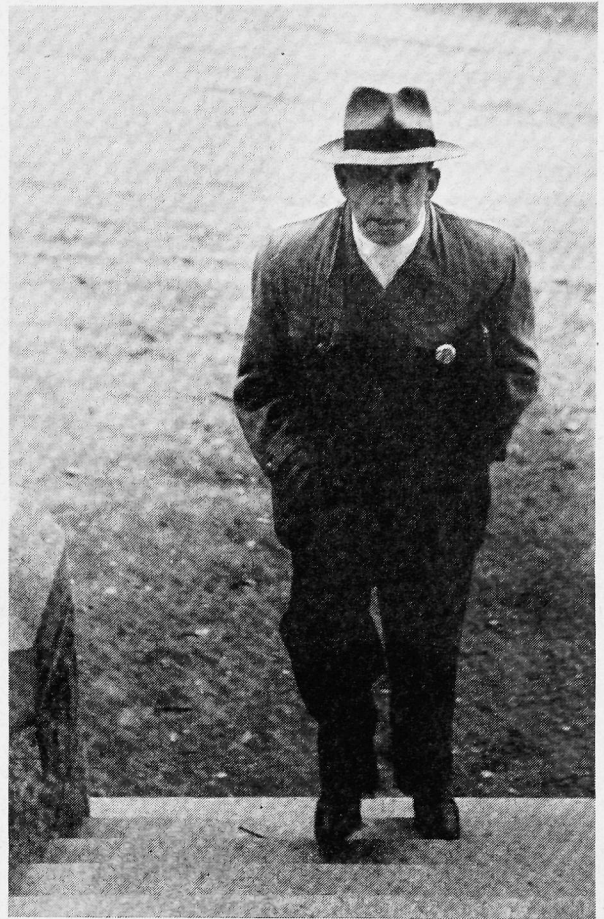
Major J. P. G. Kemp was officer in command of the guard which greeted Field Marshall Earl Wavell at Montreal Airport on October 31st.

R. J. Devlin is manager of Stadacona Mines, 1944, at Rouyn, P.Q.

D. Rankin is with the Mine Equipment Co., Ltd., Kirkland Lake, Ont. He visited the School early in November.

Dr. R. Bayne, Sherbrooke, visited the School in October.

Dr. Eric Phelps is doing specialist work in obstetrics in Nebraska, U.S.A.



8.15 A.M. ON THE DOT—MR. YOUNG AS WE SO OFTEN SAW HIM

Major W. S. Tyndale, second-in-command of the McGill C.O.T.C., along with 150 cadets, took part in the Remembrance Day Ceremonies at the Cenotaph in Montreal.

J. Gear McEntyre, director of the legal branch, taxation division of the Department of Internal Revenue, has been appointed director of the Montreal taxation division office. He succeeded in November A. H. Rowland who recently retired.

Commodore R. R. S. Bidwell was a member of Canada's delegation of defence officials who flew to Paris, France, to take part in a meeting of the defence committee of the North Atlantic Treaty which began on December 1st.

J. H. Patton visited the School at the end of November. He is with the Montreal Standard.



## NEW OLD BOYS

ANTHONY ABBOTT: Head Boy; VIB; Smith House; Cadet Corporal; Choir; President of the Debating Society; Magazine Staff, 1948; winner of Gold Medal in Rotary Club speaking contest for High School students of Quebec; Welterweight Champion, '46-'47; Players' Club. Now at Bishop's University.

SAMUEL ANDREWS: VIB; Chapman House; Secretary-Treasurer of the Chalet; most efficient recruit, '49; Chalet and May 24th Dance Committee, '49. Now at Sir George Williams College.

DAVID ASHWORTH: Prefect; VIA; Williams House; 1st Cricket Team, '46-'49; 1st Football Team, '48; 2nd Hockey Team, '49; Winner of Cross Country, '48; Cadet Lieutenant, '49; Choir; Treasurer of Debating Society; Governor-General's Medal; Lieutenant-Governor's Prize for Latin; Lt. Col. G. R. Hooper Prize for Mathematics; Captain J. Melville Greenshields Memorial Scholarship; Old Boys' Prize; B.C.S. Tankard; 1st Class Honours in Junior Matriculation. Now at McGill University.

PHILLIP BIRD: VIB; Williams House; 2nd Team Football Captain, '48; 1st Hockey Team, '49; Captain of Midget Hockey and Under XVI Cricket, '48; Cadet Lieutenant; Choir, '44-'49. Now at Lawrence Park Collegiate in Toronto.

DONALD CAMPBELL: Prefect; VIB; Smith House; 1st Ski Team, '46-'49; Captain of Ski Team, '49; Cadet Sergeant; Choir; President of Chalet, '48-'49; Magazine Staff, '47-'48. Now at Sir George Williams College.

WILLIAM CHRISTIE: VIB; Williams House; 2nd Hockey Team, '49.

ROY COHEN: Prefect; VIA; Chapman House; 2nd Football Team, '49; 1st Ski Team, '49; 1st Gym Team, '49; Captain of Tumbling Squad, '49; Cadet Quartermaster Sergeant; Camera Club; 1st in Gym Competition; Porteous Cup. Now at Princeton University.

JOHN GILMOUR: Head Prefect; VIB; Chapman House; Captain of 1st Hockey Team, '49; Captain of Midgets Hockey Team, '47; Cadet Captain, '49.

PETER GLASSFORD: Head Prefect; VIB; Williams House; 1st Hockey Team, '49; Chalet Committee; Choir. Now at McGill University.

JOHN LAWRENCE: Prefect; VIA; Smith House; 1st Cricket Team, '48; Vice-Captain of Bantam Hockey, '46; Captain of 3rd Football Team, '47; Captain of Under XVI Cricket, '47; Choir; Players' Club; Editor-in-Chief of "B.C.S.", '49; Warren Hale Essay Prize; Vith Form English Prize; B.C.S. Tankard. Now at Bishop's University.

DONALD LAWRENCE: Head Boy; VIB; Smith House; Cadet Lieutenant; 1st Football Team, '48; Captain of 2nd Team Hockey, '49; Featherweight Boxing Champion, '48; Choir; Chalet Committee; Players' Club. Now at Bishop's University.

ALAN LINDSAY: VIA; Smith House; 1st Hockey Team, '49; Captain 3rd Football Team, '48; Cadet Lance-Corporal; Choir; Players' Club. Now at McGill University.

GORDON MAITLAND: VIB; Smith House; Vice-President of Chalet, '49;

TRAM MALCOLM: VIB; Smith House; Hon. Secretary of the Debating Society, '49; Debating Medal, '49. Now at McGill University.

DAVID MARTIN: VIA; Smith House; 1st Ski Team, '49; Choir; Lieutenant-Governor's Prize for French; First Class Honours in Junior Matriculation. Now at Bishop's University.

ROBERT PATTISON: VIB; Smith House; Choir; Operated School Radio Station, '47-'48. Now in R.C.A.F.

KEITH PRICE: Prefect; VIA; Williams House; 1st Football Team, '48; Cadet Corporal; Shooting Trophy, '47-'49. Now at Bishop's University.

DAVID SALTER: VIB; Smith House; 1st Ski Team; 2nd Football Team. Now at Dartmouth College.

VITOL SCHEIB: VIB; Williams House; 2nd Football Team, '48; 2nd Hockey Team, '49; Choir; Players' Club.

RALPH SMITH: VIA; Smith House; 1st Hockey Team; Debating Society.

DAVID STEARNS: Prefect; VIA; Williams House; 1st Football Team, '48; 1st Hockey Team, '47-'49; Cadet Major, '49; Senior All-Round Athlete (Smith Cup), '49. Now at Bishop's University.

EDWARD STEEVES: VIA; Williams House. Now at Bishop's University.

JAMES TREMAIN: VIA; Williams House; Manager, 1st Hockey Team, '49; President of Camera Club, '47-'48; Players' Club; Cadet Corporal. Now at Loyola College.

JOHN WINDER: Head Boy; VIB; Chapman House; 2nd Hockey Team, '49; Cadet Sergeant-Major. Now at Bishop's University.

PETER WINKWORTH: Head Boy; VIB; Chapman House; 1st Cricket Team, '49; Chalet Committee; Cadet Sergeant; 2nd Hockey Team, '49. Now in England.



# B.C.S. OLD BOYS' ASSOCIATION

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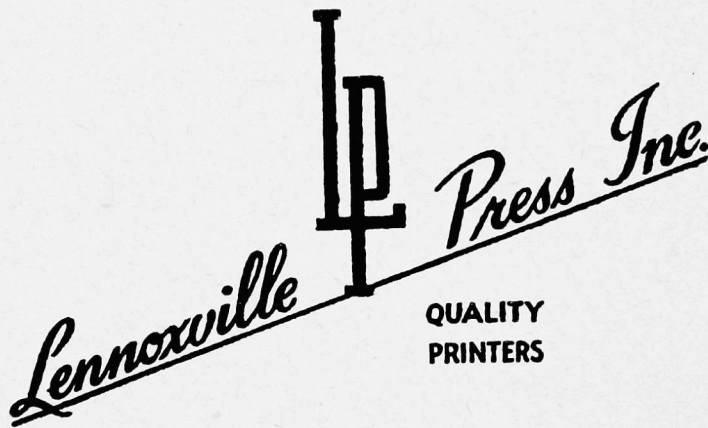
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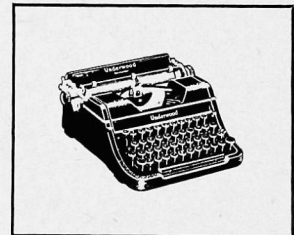
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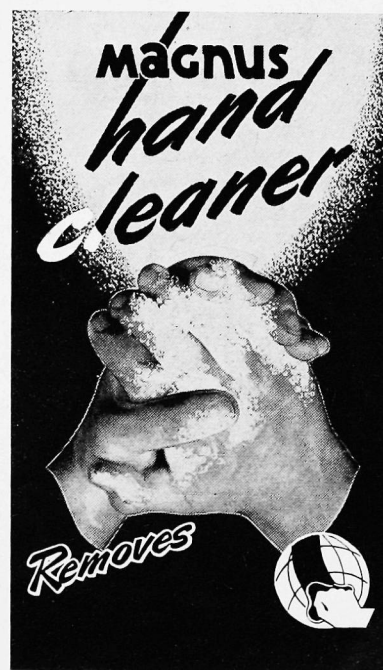
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